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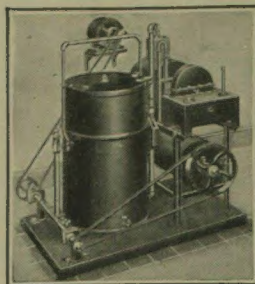
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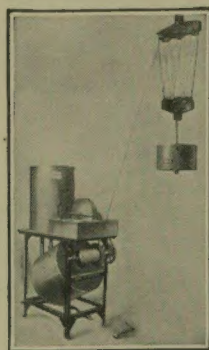
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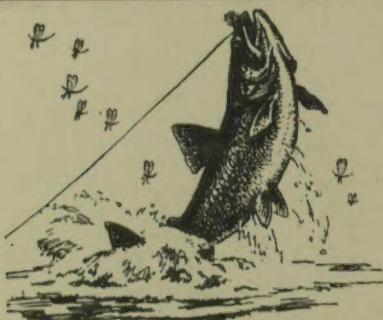
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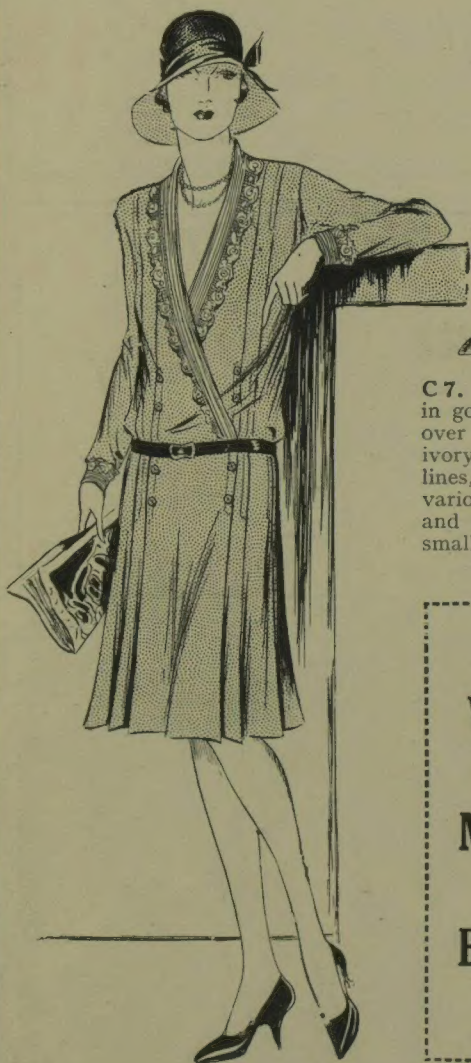
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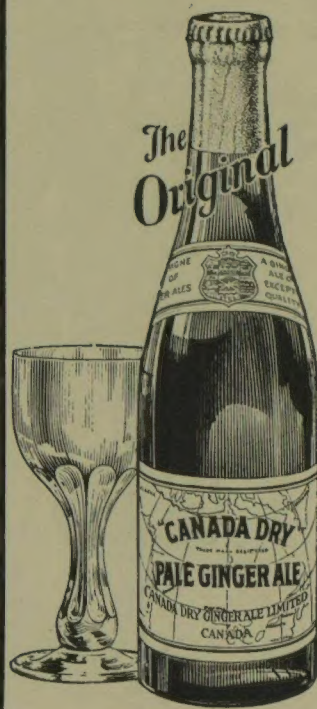
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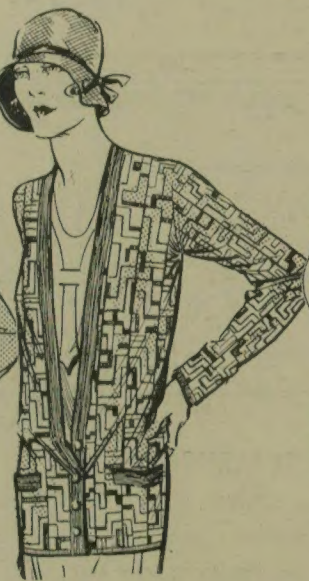
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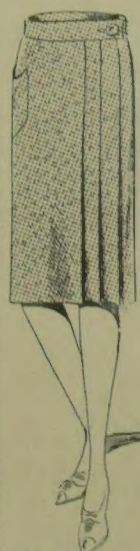
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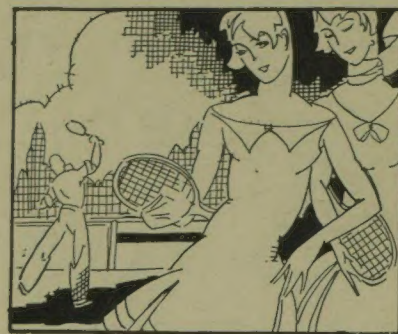
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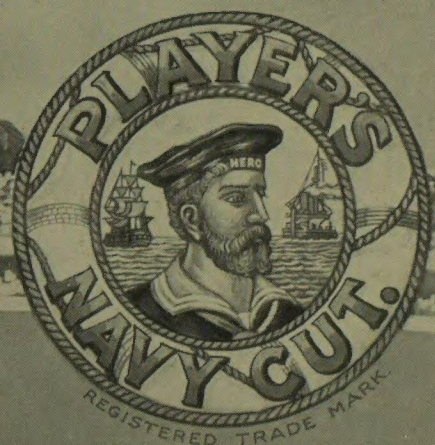


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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1929.

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THE MASTERPIECE OF CHILD PORTRAITURE IN ENGLISH ART CHANGES HANDS: "THE SACKVILLE CHILDREN,"
BY JOHN HOPPNER, R.A. (1759-1810).

The famous Knole picture of the Sackville children, by John Hoppner, R.A., which is regarded as the masterpiece of child portraiture in English art, has been sold to a private collector by Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., of London. The price has not been divulged. The picture was lately in the possession of Major-General the Rt. Hon. Lord Sackville, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G. It was painted in 1797. The boy was George John Frederick Sackville, only son of the third Duke of Dorset,

and was born in 1793. He succeeded his father in 1799, and died in 1815 of a fall from his horse at Killarney. The elder girl, his sister Mary, born in 1792, married first, in 1811, the sixth Earl of Plymouth, and secondly, in 1839, the first Earl Amherst. She died in 1864. Her sister Elizabeth (right) was born in 1795, and in 1813 married the fifth Earl De la Warr. In 1864 she was created Baroness Buckhurst. She died in 1870.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the matter of Mr. Epstein's sculpture, in connection with which I recently appeared in the unpopular character of a peacemaker, I have received some criticisms questioning the principle I implied. Between the large stones the spectators threw at the sculptor, and the larger and more monstrous stone the sculptor had thrown at them, some stray chips or pebbles naturally hit any peacemaker so imprudent as to stand inquiring what each or either of the stone-throwers imagine they are aiming at. I used for convenience a comparison between Night as sculptured by Mr. Epstein and Night as sculptured by Michael Angelo. And I did this, not with the too common and conventional purpose of crushing any new monument under an old monument, but because there is really a difference between the old case and the new; and it is exactly that difference which the new artists and even the new critics will not see. And the difference is that, though Michael Angelo was original, he was sufficiently traditional to be praised for his originality. In spite of the current argument for artistic novelties, it is *not* true that the world received the originality of the old artists as it does the novelty of the new artists. There was plenty of neglect, plenty of negative injustice, plenty of petty criticism or private spite; but the utterly uncomprehending and angry reaction against the new art is a new thing. Any artist who does not see the difference is failing in the very first thing in which an artist should succeed. He is failing in measurement, which is a great part of judgment. He is failing in a matter of proportion, which fools call a matter of degree.

But since such stones are flying in the stoneyard of the sculptors, I will transfer the topic and myself to quieter regions, and finish the discussion in the library. In other words, I will apply the principle to literature, about which I know more, and about which there is exactly the same argument, supported by exactly the same arguments. If we take a recent literary controversy, like that over the poetical school of the Sitwells, we find that the current controversial case is in the same sense true and in the same sense false. In none of these cases am I merely contemptuous of the innovators; or, rather, I do not refer to the innovators who can really be treated with contempt. I know there is something in the Sitwell method; I know it does sometimes really give forth the glamour of childhood, and make the imagination feel, for an immortal instant, that red clouds or green hills are like things good to eat. But I can absorb Miss Sitwell's poetry much better than Miss Sitwell's defence of her poetry. When it comes to theorising in the matter, she generally falls back on what I may call the Theory of the Prophet's Sepulchre. Needless to say, there is a slight fallacy in the argument that, because many of the prophets were stoned, anybody who is stoned is a prophet. Montrose was a hero and was hanged, but hanging does not make a hero; and not everybody who has been in jail is either Bunyan or Cervantes. But I am not now concerned with this old and obvious answer, but with the answer concerned with historical fact and especially historical proportion. For a history may be crammed with facts and still be wholly false, if it is false in proportion. Now, Miss Sitwell was never tired of saying, in the time of this controversy, that the original genius of Keats

was assailed with the same uncomprehending criticism; and many critics of her school say that the new style of Swinburne staggered a world only used to the style of Tennyson. Now this historical parallel is not historical. And if we think it is, we shall miss something momentous and significant in our own particular phase of history.

To begin with, the old quarrels were quarrels of quite a different sort. The motives of the attack on Keats were almost entirely political and social. The motives of the attack on Swinburne were almost entirely moral and religious. But it is not true, of either of these great poets, that they seemed utterly unreadable or unintelligible to those

review of any poems anywhere. But it is not true to say that even Gifford felt that an abyss had opened between him and a new race of intellectual beings; that he could not even recognise their verse as verse or their English as English. If I have ever read any of Gifford's own poetry, I am glad to say that I have forgotten it, but I know the sort of poetry that he admired and inherited. It was that very unheroic thing then called the heroic couplet. That is, it was the dreary decasyllabic couplet, the dregs and rinsings of Pope. But it is not true that a man, passing from a classical theme treated by Pope to a classical theme treated by Keats, thought he had got into a howling wilderness of lunatics or chattering monkeys. He simply thought that the style was a little better or worse, as the case might be, as being looser or less dignified, or richer or more free. Or, to take the other example, a Victorian accustomed to the Tennysonian tone and imagery, in lines like—

The sun came dazzling through the leaves
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot,

did undoubtedly feel, either with pain or pleasure, a different sort of tone and imagery in the new and musical verse of Swinburne—

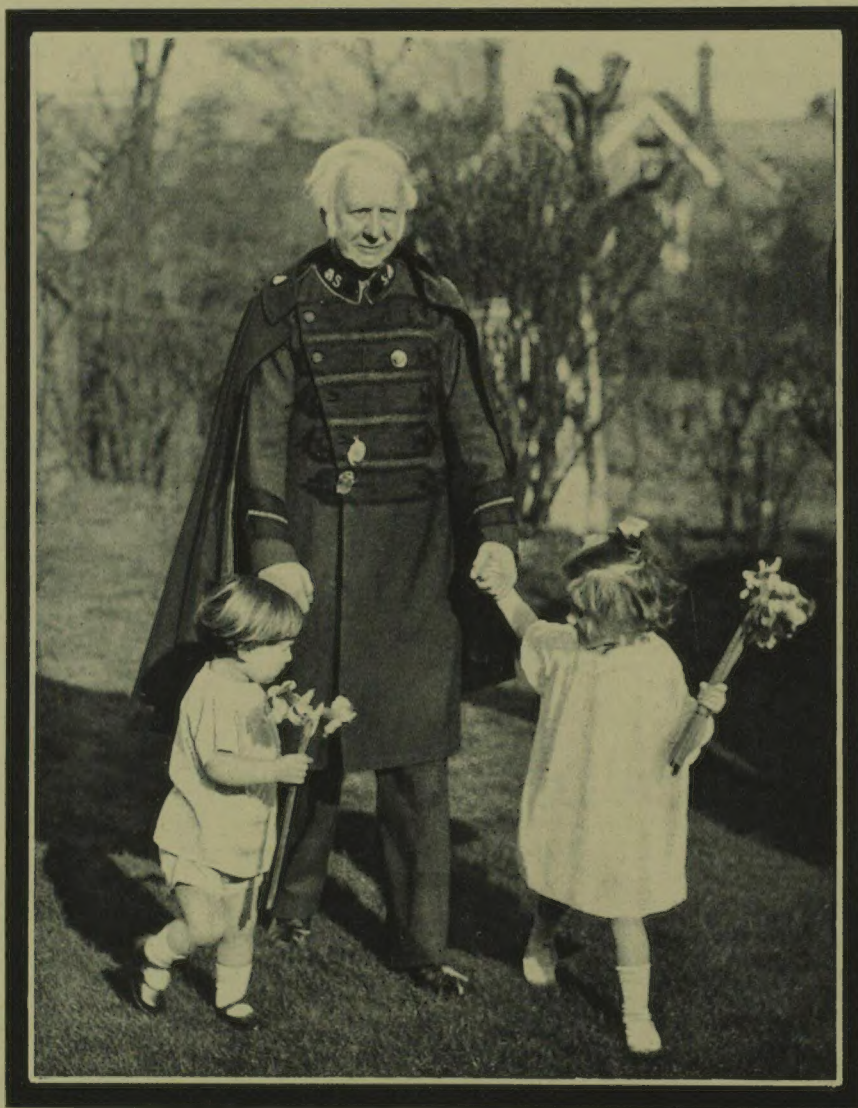
Ringed round with a flame of fair faces
And splendid with swords.

He might feel that a new noise of purely beautiful singing had come into the English language; and he would be right. He might feel that there was something vulgar in the exaggerated alliteration and a certain swagger of smoothness; and he would also be right. But he would not find the second form utterly formless. The Tennysonian would not feel, in turning from Tennyson and his flaming sun to Swinburne and his flame of fair faces, anything like what the Swinburnian would feel in turning from the Swinburnian lines to lines, let us say, like these—

The kings and queens on the nursery wall
Are chain-armoured fish in the moat and all.

The Victorian might think the flame of Swinburne too flamboyant, or even foolishly flamboyant. But he would know what Swinburne meant by saying that a face was a flame. And it is very doubtful if he would know what Miss Sitwell meant by saying that a queen was a fish, or that a fish was elaborately equipped with chain-armour. Still less would he necessarily understand why something on a wall was like something totally different in a moat. Some, gifted with a childish perversity (though I say it who shouldn't) may fancy they can track the elvish connection of ideas. But there has been a break, and the problem is different. There is not only a new sort of work, but a new sort of novelty.

I think there is an explanation, though there is no space for it here. I think the subtle are seeking simplicity, because the simple have been soaked and choked with subtlety, or at least with complexity. The people, who are the right guardians of normal ideas, have been bullied and bludgeoned by bad materialistic education till they are simply stunned and stupefied. Meanwhile, the clever and complex people are trying to return to direct ideas, but can only do it in an indirect way; they long for straight lines, but cannot go for them straight. But it is so queer a position that it would take another article to describe it.



HEAD OF THE SALVATION ARMY FOR SIXTEEN YEARS: THE LATE "GENERAL" BRAMWELL BOOTH, C.H., WITH TWO OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN, IN HIS GARDEN AT HADLEY WOOD.

"General" Bramwell Booth, who died at his home at Hadley Wood on June 16, was the eldest son of the late William Booth, founder and first "General" of the Salvation Army. Bramwell Booth was born at Halifax in 1856, and was educated at the City of London School. For many years, as "Chief of Staff," he was his father's right-hand man, and he succeeded to the Generalship himself in 1912. Last February, it may be recalled, the High Council of the Salvation Army declared him unfit for office, owing to his continued ill-health, and he was deposed by 52 votes to 5. He resisted the decision, and instituted legal proceedings. Commissioner E. J. Higgins, formerly "Chief of Staff," who was elected to succeed him, says in a tribute to his memory: "General Booth was a great man. . . . His sixteen years of leadership embraced a period of world unrest, but his skill and wisdom . . . brought the Army through." Last April the King made him a Companion of Honour. He wrote a number of books, including "Battle Axes" and "Echoes and Memories." In 1882 he married Miss Florence Eleanor Soper, and she and their children were closely associated with him in his religious work.

who had formed their tastes on the older poets. Gifford was a low Tory hack, who hated and feared the little group of Radicals associated with Leigh Hunt and Shelley, and who regarded the very appearance of an apothecary's apprentice as a new poet in this group as a menacing sign of Jacobinism. He therefore wrote a slating review of Keats's poems in the *Quarterly*, as anybody could easily write a slating

A "RED INDIAN" ENCLAVE IN A LONDON PARK: "HIAWATHA" BRAVES.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I. (COPYRIGHTED.)



KENSINGTON GARDENS ASSUME THE ASPECT OF A RED INDIAN RESERVE: PICTURESQUE FIGURES FROM "HIAWATHA," AT THE ALBERT HALL, TAKING THE AIR BETWEEN AFTERNOON AND EVENING PERFORMANCES.

On one of the recent Saturdays when two performances of the dramatic version of Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha" were given at the Albert Hall, many of the players, not finding it worth while to change into ordinary dress in the short interval, occupied part of the time by resting and taking the air in Kensington Gardens. The sylvan glades near the Albert Memorial, thronged by these unwonted visitors, assumed something of the aspect of a "Red Indian" reserve. In our

artist's drawing a glimpse of the Albert Hall is visible above the trees. This revival of "Hiawatha," dramatised by Mr. T. C. Fairbairn and sung by members of the Royal Choral Society, began on June 10, for a fortnight's run. The crowd scenes are especially effective. Hiawatha himself is played by Mr. Horace Stevens, and Minnehaha by Miss Flora Woodman, while an authentic element is supplied by Chief Os-ke-non-ton, of the Mohawk tribe, as the Medicine Man.

THE ODD SIDE OF THINGS: A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.



WOODPECKERS THAT "BREED" WORMS.

"Woodpeckers in California gather acorns, peck holes in telephone poles, and place the acorns in these holes in summer, to decay. In winter, when they cannot dig for worms, the birds go to these acorns, which have then developed worms inside them!"



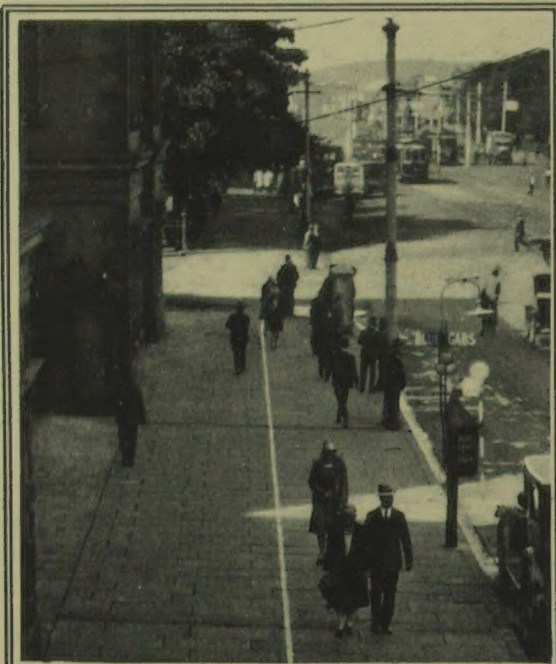
A HOTTENTOT FORM OF CHESS: THE ANCIENT GAME OF HUS, OR HOLES.

"The game of Hus, or Holes, played by Hottentots, Damaras, and Hereros," says a correspondent, "is one of great antiquity. In ancient times it was played on stone 'tables,' as shown on Egyptian tombs of 4000 B.C. It was known to Arabs in the Middle Ages. On the Rand it is a favourite pastime in the mine compounds. Hus is a 'war' game, pieces being captured or their movements blocked. The pieces are stones, fruit-pips, or shells."



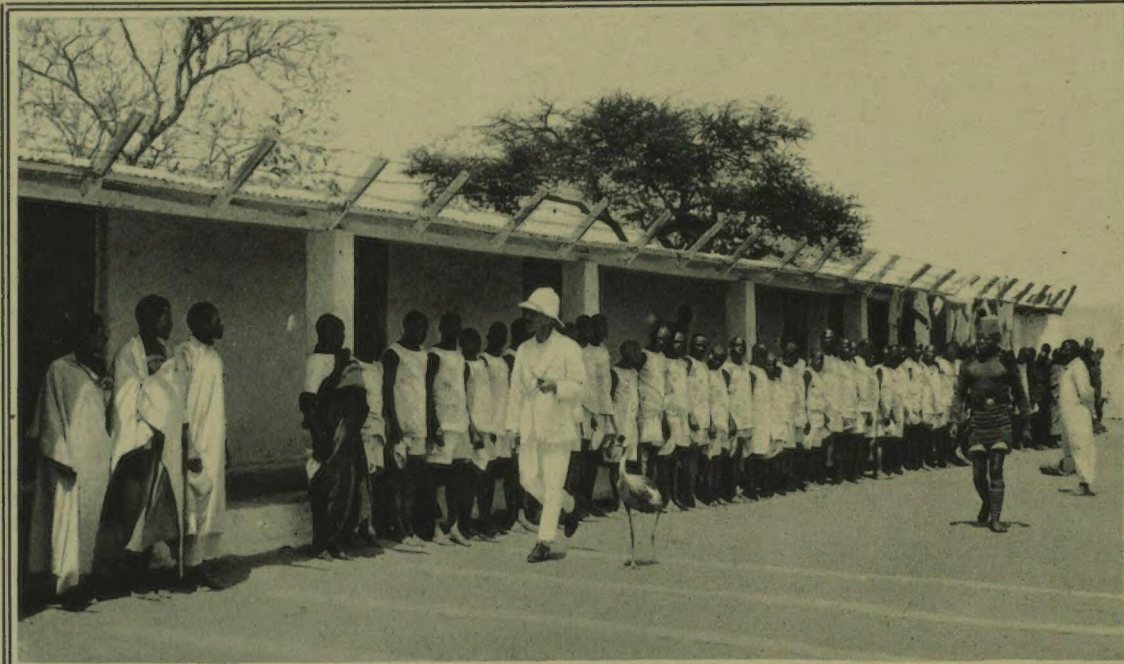
THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TYPE OF "FLOWER."

This *Amorphophallus titanum* Beccari was found in Sumatra. The plant, which has the biggest flower in the world, was first discovered by Beccari in 1878, at Ajer Mantjoer Padang, Sumatra. One sent by him to Kew flowered eleven years later.



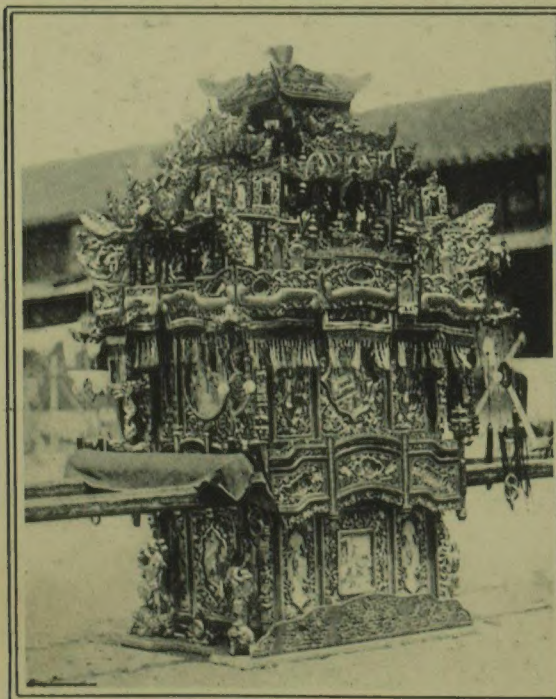
"KEEP TO THE LEFT" ON AUSTRALIAN PAVEMENTS: THE WHITE LINE OF SAFETY.

Chief Constables in all parts of England are unanimous in reporting, as one of the chief causes of street accidents, which last year reached an appalling figure, the habit of stepping off pavements instantaneously with one's back to oncoming traffic without looking behind. Leading cities of Australia have for several years now marked a narrow white line down the centre of their



A BIRD ASSISTS AT AN OFFICIAL INSPECTION: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM TANGANYIKA ENTITLED "WEEKLY INSPECTION OF THE GAOL BY THE POLICE OFFICER ACCOMPANIED BY BERTIE THE BIRD."

pavements (as shown above), and by keeping to the left people on the danger side thus face oncoming traffic. Such a regulation for pedestrians, it may be recalled, was suggested for London some years ago, but was never actually enforced, and nowadays it seems to have fallen into desuetude. Its advantages are obvious.—Of the other photograph we have no further details.



HOW THE BRIDE "LEAVES THE CHURCH" IN CHINA: AN ORNATE PALANQUIN DECORATED WITH SYMBOLS OF LOVE.

The left-hand photograph above, taken at Shanghai, shows a highly ornate Chinese bridal palanquin, in which a bride is carried to her husband's home.—The other two photographs are accompanied by a curious story. An aged rancher of Chihuahua, living near Juarez, related that a beautiful woman had appeared to him in a dream and told him to dig beneath Guadalupe Church, where



A MEXICAN CHURCH IN THE CIVIL WAR AREA RECENTLY RANSACKED FOR PANTO VILLA'S HIDDEN TREASURE: GUADALUPE CHURCH, JUAREZ, MEXICO.

was buried gold that would make him "richer than any mortal man." Permission was obtained to make a search, and men were set to dig. They dug up many skulls, but no gold. They hoped to find the hidden hoard of the bandit, Pancho Villa, assassinated in 1923. He was said to have amassed a fortune, but at his death only a small sum was located.



INSPIRED BY A RANCHER'S DREAM: TREASURE-SEEKERS AT WORK IN GUADALUPE CHURCH, JUAREZ, IN A VAIN SEARCH FOR THE HOARD OF A BRIGAND.

PHILÆ AND THE ASSUAN DAM: TOTAL SUBMERSION NOT INJURIOUS?

NO. 1, ROYAL AIR FORCE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH; CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED. NO. 2, AIR PHOTOGRAPH BY SIR ALAN COBHAM.



"THE PEARL OF EGYPT" SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ AND ITS FAMOUS TEMPLES, NOW TO BE COMPLETELY (INSTEAD OF PARTIALLY) SUBMERGED FOR SOME MONTHS EVERY YEAR, THROUGH THE PROJECTED RAISING OF THE ASSUAN DAM, BUT STILL ACCESSIBLE (AS SHOWN HERE) DURING THE FLOOD SEASON OF THE NILE, WHEN THE DAM IS OPEN.



THE TEMPLES OF PHILÆ (CENTRE FOREGROUND) PARTIALLY SUBMERGED (AS HITHERTO) WHEN THE DAM IS CLOSED, AND SAID NOT TO BE INJURED, BUT EVEN PRESERVED, BY THE ACTION OF THE WATER: AN AIR VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE NILE TOWARDS ASSUAN AND THE DAM (OUT OF THE PICTURE IN LEFT BACKGROUND).

It was stated recently that the further heightening of the Assuan Dam, now decided on, will raise the level of the reservoir by nearly 30 ft., thus completely submerging the Philæ temples (instead of partially, as hitherto) for some months every year, and extending the inundated area for some 125 miles further south. As noted in our issue of March 2, the project has caused much concern for the safety of the famous monuments, and the Egyptian Government is about to undertake an archaeological survey in the new area affected. Before the Dam was constructed, in 1902, the temple foundations at Philæ were deepened and under-pinned, at a cost of £30,000. The Roman retaining walls all round the

island, which had been alternately wetted and dried by the rise and fall of the Nile for 2000 years, were generally better preserved than walls which had never been under water. Since the Dam was built, the temples have suffered no damage from unequal subsidence, though annually flooded for twenty-seven years. Total immersion, it is suggested, may even be beneficial, by removing from the masonry absorbed salts that have a disintegrating effect, as well as by washing away the unsightly line of discoloration marking the present high-water level. The buildings are not old as Egypt reckons age, dating only from about 370 B.C. The temple of Isis was begun by Ptolemy II. Philæ became known as "the Pearl of Egypt."

"UNDYING FACES": DEATH MASKS OF THE GREAT.

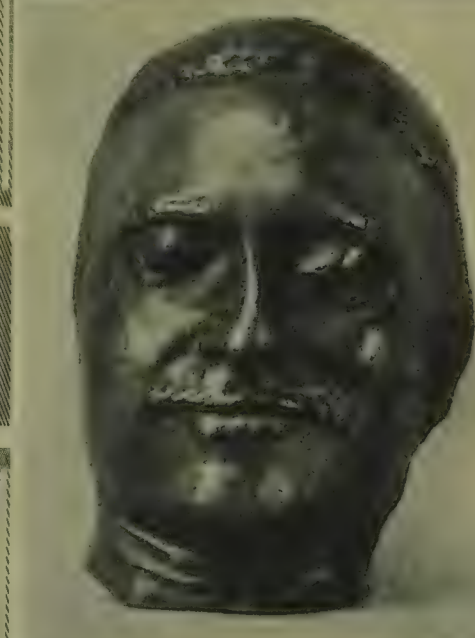
REPRODUCTIONS FROM "UNDYING FACES," BY COURTESY OF THE
PUBLISHERS, LEONARD AND VIRGINIA WOOLF, THE HOGARTH PRESS.
(SEE PAGE 1082.)



WILLIAM PITT (1759-1806).



QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA (1776-1810).



PETER THE GREAT (1672-1725).



THACKERAY (1811-1863).



CHARLES JAMES FOX (1749-1806).



WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).



HENRY IV. OF FRANCE (1553-1610).



CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN (1682-1718).



FREDERICK THE GREAT (1712-1786).

The fact that the death mask of Nelson, which has been presented by her Majesty the Queen, is one of the relics that are to be placed in the projected "Victory" Museum, adjacent to the berth of "Victory" at Portsmouth, has drawn attention once more to death masks in general. The Nelson mask, it will be recalled, was illustrated in our issues of January 21 and March 24, 1928; and, while men-

tioning this publication, we may also recall our publication of a lead cast-portrait of Queen Elizabeth, believed to have been made from a wax death mask converted into lead (May 26, 1928) and of a Cromwell death mask (July 7, 1928). There were three chief reasons for the taking of death masks. In England and in France, more particularly, it was a custom to exhibit at the funeral of a King or a

(Continued opposite.)

"THE LAST SYMBOL OF A MAN, HIS UNDYING FACE." DEATH MASKS OF THE GREAT: REMARKABLE PROFILE-VIEWS.

REPRODUCTIONS FROM "UNDYING FACES," BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, LEONARD AND VIRGINIA WOOLF, THE HOGARTH PRESS. (SEE PAGE 1082.)

PETER THE GREAT
(1672-1725).

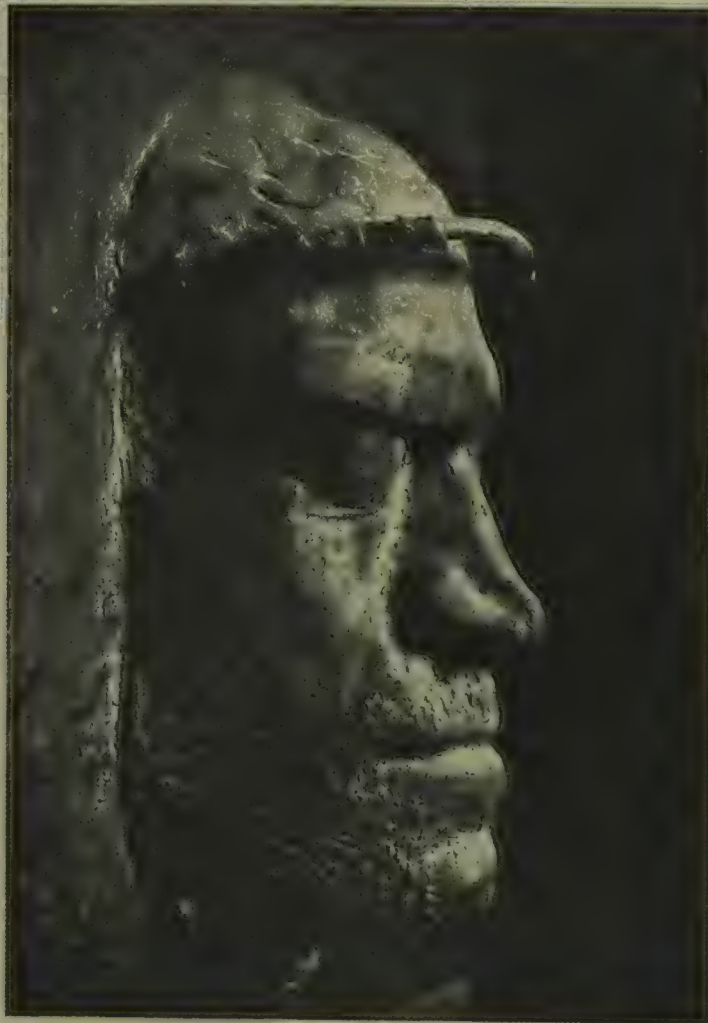
"The death mask itself, a bronze cast from an original that has obviously been lost, was formerly in Peter's Gallery in the Hermitage, and is now in the Academic Museum of Anthropology and Ethnography in Leningrad." It may have been taken for use as a model for an effigy.



NAPOLEON (1769-1821): THE HEAD SHAVEN THAT THE HAIR MIGHT BE GIVEN TO THE EMPEROR'S FAMILY.



FREDERICK THE GREAT (1712-1786): NOT A TRUE DEATH-MASK; THE MASK SERVING ONLY AS THE FACIAL SHELL.



LORENZO MEDICI
(1445-1492).

Angelo Poliziano makes no mention of a mask having been taken. Herr Benkard notes: "This death mask did not serve for the production of an effigy, although Lorenzo was of princely rank. I am convinced that it, too, was designed as a model of the utmost accuracy for later portraits, and especially for busts."

Continued.

Queen or other great personage, an effigy of the dead; and many death masks were made that they might act as guides to the craftsmen responsible for these regal dummies. A second reason for taking masks was that they might act as models for artists making busts, tomb figures, or other statues of the dead. The third, and modern, reason is, to use the words of Herr Benkard, "That the friends of the dead may possess a symbol of the faith that death, though it parts us, can never dissolve a spiritual bond—the last symbol of a man, his undying face." Most of the examples here given call for little comment, but there are one or two points that should be made. The Frederick the Great mask is not, in the strict

sense of the word, a true death mask; for what has come down to us is a complete head, moulded in wax, the mask only serving as the facial shell. The death mask of Walter Scott was taken so that it might be a model for a bust. There is a life mask of Scott at Abbotsford. The mask of Henry IV. of France was taken, in St. Denis, from the forcibly disinterred embalmed body, during the outbreaks of the summer of 1793. The mask of Charles XII. of Sweden shows, on the right of the forehead, the wound made by the fragment of case-shot that killed him. Antomarchi took the death mask of Napoleon on the very day of the Emperor's death.

THE DEATH MASK—MODEL FOR STATE EFFIGY & FOR STATUE; & "LAST MEMORY."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"UNDYING FACES: A COLLECTION OF DEATH MASKS." By ERNST BENKARD.*

(PUBLISHED BY LEONARD AND VIRGINIA WOOLF.)

IN the France of yesteryear, "it was one of the most important duties of the *paindre et valet de chambre du Roy* to make a life-size wicker puppet resembling the figure of the dead king, to clothe it first in a shirt of Dutch linen, then in silken garments, and lastly to array it in the ermine-trimmed coronation robe of the French kings. A final touch of lifelike reality was given to the puppet by the addition of wax hands, whilst the king's head, carefully modelled in wax, gazed forth from the neck of the garments. Casts of the face and hands were taken from the corpse, and from these moulds the corresponding parts of the puppet were modelled; and here we may observe that real hair and a real beard were attached to the wax mask, so that the *effigies*, as it was officially called, can only be compared with a waxwork figure. This comparison is none too strong, for the face of the *effigies* was not that of the dead; the eyelids were raised, eyes painted or inserted, the rigidity of the death mask softened, and every effort made to reproduce the expression of the deceased in his lifetime.

"And now, whereas the corpse had long been laid in the closed coffin, this image of a king was crowned, and its hands were folded over the breast; models of the royal sceptre and the *Main de Justice* were laid to the right and left of its head on cushions of cloth of gold. It lay in state about a week in the *Salle d'honneur*, the first station in the prolonged funeral ceremonies usual at the French court."

Then followed rites before the coffin in the *Salle en deuil*, solemnities that preceded the transference of the body to Notre Dame de Paris and to the Abbey Church of St. Denis. The procession itself also called for the exposure of the regal dummy. "The figure either lay on a bier by itself, or it was placed upon the coffin, arrayed precisely as it had been before upon the *Lit d'honneur*, with the sole difference that it now held the sceptre in its right hand and the *Main de Justice* in its left."

There we have one of the reasons for the taking of death masks. The casts were made that the "positives" from them might serve as models for those whose task it

effigies of boiled leather, wood, or (at a later period) wax. Some of the wooden figures may be seen in the Norman Undercroft. The oldest figures here are those of General Monk and Charles II., the one of Queen Elizabeth being a copy, made in 1760, of the original; others represent William III., Mary II., and Queen Anne. The figures of the Earl of Chatham and Nelson are not funeral effigies, but were added to attract visitors." There should be an exclamation mark after the word "visitors"! In the Norman Undercroft, "in low glass cases are exhibited several effigies made to be carried at royal funerals, the most interesting being those of Henry VII. and his queen."

As to Prussia: When Frederick William I. died, he was buried in the Hof- und Garnisons-kirche; but, despite his order "no fuss is to be made about me," there was a *Castrum doloris* at Potsdam and a "solemn funeral" three weeks after the actual interment. Above the sealed coffin set upon a "bed" was a portrait of the dead ruler, and in that coffin lay "a wax puppet intended to represent the dead king himself. In all probability," Herr Benkard notes, "the death mask was used for the face of this most extraordinary representation. But before entering the *Castrum doloris* it was necessary to pass through the mourning chamber; in it stood an arm-chair in which was set the 'image of His late most blessed Majesty, modelled in wax.' I do not think it impossible that the death mask served for this figure also."

In the case of Frederick the Great, the same procedure was adopted, although his will began with the words: "Je rends de bon gré et sans regret ce souffle de vie, qui m'anime à la Nature bienfaisante, qui a daigné me le prêter, et mon Corps aux Eléments, dont il a été composé. J'ai vécu en philosophe et je veux être enterré comme tel, sans appareil, sans faste, sans Pompe, je ne veux être ni disséqué, ni emboumé, qu'on m'enterre à Sanssouci au haut des terrasses dans une sépulture, que je me suis fait préparer." There was the *Castrum doloris*; there was the portrait on the canopy above the ceremonial coffin; and in that coffin, it is reasonable to believe, was an effigy. Our author, however, can find no record of a mourning chamber, with a seated "Jarleyism" of the dead.

Which brings us to another point: the second of the reasons for taking death masks. It has been demonstrated that the earlier casts were mere accessories for puppet-making craftsmen whose supple fingers had to reproduce not the face as seen in death, but images *après le vis et naturel*. Others were used to guide sculptors engaged on statues of celebrities who had passed beyond the confines of studios and the touch of callipers. The death masks of many great Italians served this end, and there are numerous other instances. The death mask of Isaac Newton was taken by Roubillac, who was then living in London, only that he might have material for that terracotta bust of his that is in the British Museum, a marble bust, and the face of the statue for Trinity College, Cambridge. The death mask of Jonathan Swift was also taken for Roubillac; that of Mirabeau was model for the bust on his tomb; and that of Marat served kindred purpose, thanks probably to David, who, on it being found impossible to display the body, made the suggestion, with which the Convention agreed, that there should be exhibited to the public "a mannequin instead of the corpse, showing Marat in the attitude in which Charlotte Corday had struck him down." The death mask of Sir Walter Scott was "taken by the sculptor George Bullock, who used it to model a posthumous bust of the poet in collaboration with Francis Legatt Chantrey." And so on—with quotations as to the masks of Frederick the Great and Beethoven; for they are exceptional.

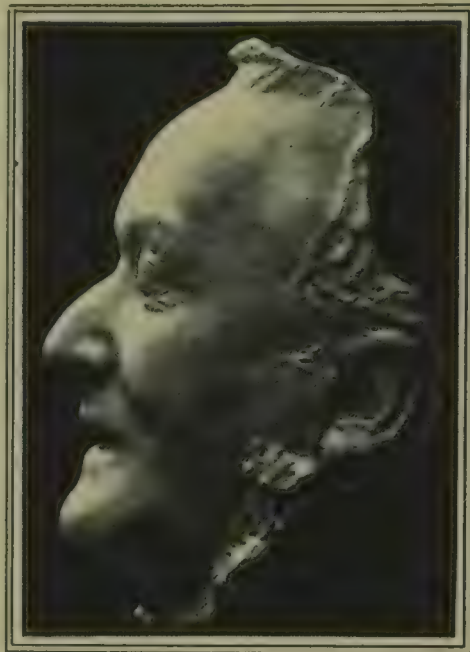
Of the representation of Frederick, it is written: "No doubt a cast was taken of Frederick the Great's features by the sculptor Johann Eckstein, and that before the lying-in-state in the 'Stadtschloss' at Potsdam. But what has come down to us as Eckstein's work is not a true mask, but a complete head of the deceased king modelled in wax, the mask only serving as the facial shell."

And of Beethoven: "We realise fully the startling change in Beethoven's face (perhaps due to his illness) when we compare the well-known life-mask, of which casts are everywhere to be seen. This life mask was taken from Beethoven's face in Teplitz in 1812, that is, fifteen years before his death, by the sculptor Franz Klein as an aid to modelling his Beethoven bust; the contour of the profile is entirely different from that of the death mask."

Certainly, it may be assumed, "due to his illness," for he was in agonising pain for four months before he died; and due to the fact that the death mask was taken after a post-mortem examination that involved investigation of the organs of hearing.

Then the third reason. Herr Benkard defines it well. "Perhaps it is only because these pages are written in Germany and by a German that I believe myself to have discovered in our country the first and earliest example of a death mask taken purely in reverence. . . . When Gottfried Ephraim Lessing died in 1781 all relations hitherto so firmly established were reversed. Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand, the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, ordered that the poet's funeral expenses were to be borne by the court treasury; he allotted to him a special burying-place, which was unusual in those days; he caused the corpse to lie in state in a magnificent coffin. . . . But it was Lessing's friends who had his death mask taken from his transfigured face, simply in the desire to share this last memory, to cling to what it was possible for love to keep of the departed. And thus the death mask becomes symbolic of the faith that death, though it parts us, can never dissolve a spiritual bond. Freed from superstition, witchcraft, and magic—for all these are involved in the existence and survival of the *effigies*—we see our brother in the dead lineaments; our clear vision grows familiar with the mystery of his features; we salute in it the iron laws of Life and Death."

A grim, gruesome subject, the death mask, some will say; and, perhaps, they will shudder at naturalism of illustration and at an unavoidable "deathiness" of text in the technical note by Herr Kolbe. But it may be imagined that they will be interested mightily just the same, and that they will remember the words of the writer: "Because the death mask stands and admonishes us at the gateway between what we call life and what we call death, it will



THE DEATH MASK OF RICHARD WAGNER
 (1813-1883).

"The Venetian sculptor Benvenuti took the death mask."
 Reproduced from "Undying Faces," by Courtesy of the
 Publishers, Leonard and Virginia Woolf.



THE DEATH MASK OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN-
 BARTHOLDY (1809-1847).

"The death mask was taken by his friends, the artists Hübner and Bendemann. The specimen that we have reproduced is probably the first cast, for the dead man's hairs are still adhering to the beard."
 Reproduced from "Undying Faces," by Courtesy of the Publishers,
 Leonard and Virginia Woolf.

was to counterfeit Majesty for the mummeries of the passing. And it must be added that the custom was not restricted to France.

The "succession of French kings, life-size, modelled in wax, robed in red and sitting on chairs with sceptres and crowns," seen among the treasures of St. Denis by the eighteenth-century Johann Jacob Volkmann, has a sort of parallel here—the so-called "Ragged Regiment," or, "The Play of the Dead Volks," in Westminster Abbey. Herr Benkard mentions them, of course, these English examples of the "imago," "picture," or "representation"; but I quote an authority of our own—Muirhead's "London." "The Chapel of Abbot Islip is in two stories. . . . The wax figures exhibited on the upper floor are in number. It used to be the custom to show the embalmed bodies of royal persons at their funerals; the actual bodies were sometimes replaced by life-like



THE DEATH MASK OF FRANZ LISZT (1811-1886).

"The mask was taken by the moulder Weissbrod of Bayreuth on the morning after the master's death."

Reproduced from "Undying Faces," by Courtesy of the Publishers,
 Leonard and Virginia Woolf.

always bear a supernatural character, as something which cannot be gauged by our experience of sunrise, night, and another day. It is the last symbol of a man, his undying face."

How Montaigne would have welcomed such a book! For did he not, as Isaac Disraeli tells, wish to be learned as to the deaths of remarkable persons, to observe "their words, their actions, and what sort of countenance they put upon it"?
 E. H. G.

* "Undying Faces: A Collection of Death Masks." By Ernst Benkard. With a Note by Georg Kolbe. Translated from the German by Margaret M. Green. 112 Plates and 6 other Illustrations. (Leonard and Virginia Woolf, the Hogarth Press; 30s. net.)

"GETTING TOGETHER" ON DISARMAMENT: THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR AND HIS TALK WITH THE PREMIER.



THE PREMIER PLANTS A TREE AT LOGIE HOUSE: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD WIELDING THE SPADE, WHILE GENERAL DAWES (BEHIND HIM, NEXT TO MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD) LOOKS ON.



GENERAL DAWES (PIPE IN MOUTH) LIKewise PLANTS A MEMORIAL TREE: THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR AT WORK UNDER THE EYE OF THE PREMIER (STANDING NEXT TO HIS DAUGHTER ISHBEL).

THE SCENE OF THE "INFORMAL AND MOST SATISFACTORY" CONVERSATION BETWEEN GENERAL DAWES AND MR. MACDONALD REGARDING "NAVAL DISARMAMENT AS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN": LOGIE HOUSE, NEAR FORRES, HOME OF SIR ALEXANDER GRANT.



A HAND-SHAKE OF GOODWILL: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (LEFT) AND GENERAL DAWES GREETING EACH OTHER.



THE NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR LEAVING LONDON FOR HIS AUDIENCE OF THE KING AT WINDSOR: GENERAL AND MRS. DAWES OUTSIDE THE AMERICAN EMBASSY.

WITH HIS FAVOURITE PIPE OF UNUSUAL DESIGN: GENERAL DAWES, THE NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.



General Charles G. Dawes, the new United States Ambassador, arrived in England on June 14, and the next day, accompanied by Mrs. Dawes, was received in audience by the King at Windsor Castle, and presented his credentials. That evening he took the night train to Scotland, and on the 16th reached the royal burgh of Forres, where he was met at the station by the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who had motored from Lossiemouth with his daughter Ishbel and his son, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, M.P. There was a civic reception, and then General Dawes and Mr. MacDonald motored together to Logie House, six miles away, the residence of Sir Alexander Grant, a lifelong friend of the

Premier. After luncheon General Dawes and Mr. MacDonald had a conversation, described officially as "informal and general and most satisfactory," on the question of naval disarmament. Before leaving Logie House they each planted a fir tree in the grounds as a memento. General Dawes smokes a pipe likely to rival the fame of Mr. Baldwin's. The stem is inserted at the top of the bowl, for hygienic reasons. He gave a similar pipe to the late Marshal Foch. In 1923, as Chairman of the Reparations Committee, he devised the "Dawes plan," and until recently he was Vice-President of the United States. In 1925 he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize jointly with Sir Austen Chamberlain.

WATERLOO RE-FOUGHT BY SEARCHLIGHT: THE MOST

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SPECTACULAR BATTLE SCENE IN THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE CHARGE OF THE FRENCH IMPERIAL GUARD AT WATERLOO: NAPOLEON'S FINEST
THE CLIMAX OF THE 1815 EPISODE IN THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO, RE-ENACTING
TROOPS (RIGHT) ADVANCING AGAINST THE ENGLISH GUARDS UNDER A WITHERING FIRE—
A HISTORIC STRUGGLE THAT GAVE THE GRENADEIR GUARDS THEIR NAME.

The Searchlight Tattoo of the Aldershot Command is the great open-air military spectacle of the London Season, as compared with the indoor display in the Royal Tournament at Olympia. As the dates of the Tattoo performances (June 18 to 22) practically coincided, as usual, with those of Ascot Week (June 18 to 21), many people, after attending the races at Ascot, went on to the Rushmore Arena to see the Tattoo in the evening. This year, under Major-General J. C. Harding Newman as pageant-master, the programme of the Tattoo was on a more ambitious scale than any of its predecessors. Besides displays of marching, historical drill, physical training, and a Highland episode, it included three great spectacular scenes—"The Return of the Crusaders":

"1815—the Final Phase of the Battle of Waterloo"; and "1914," symbolising the Great War, and culminating in an impressive grand finale. Describing the Waterloo scene, the programme says: "It was as a reward for the distinguished part that the 1st Regiment of Guards took in the Battle of Waterloo, defeating the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, that they were granted the distinction of the title of 'Grenadier Guards,' and the honour of wearing the uniform, devices and badges of Grenadiers, which they do to this day." The proceeds of the Tattoo are devoted to military charities, and, besides assisting many such institutions, the funds thus raised have been used to erect child-welfare centres in every brigade area of the Aldershot Command.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WITH the advent of a Labour Government, there has come a vague sense of impending social change, and, whatever form such change may take, it may be affected by ideas emanating from Russia. Whether we like it or not, the Russian Revolution, like the French Revolution, is a landmark in history, with an equal, if not greater, effect on the world's ways of living and thinking. Closer contact with Russia in commerce, I believe, figures prominently on the Labour programme, and even before the General Election some such development had already been initiated by a British business mission. I shall not be out of the movement, therefore, if I touch lightly on a group of books which, among them, present the Russian scene from various angles.

One book which I feel, from its tone of high-minded sincerity, can be safely recommended as an authentic document on the personal side of recent Russian history, is "LEONID KRASSIN," His Life and Work. By his Wife, Lubov Krassin. With fifteen illustrations. (Skeffington; 21s.). This is at once an admirable biography and a clear account of the policy and convictions of the man who became so well known in this country as the Soviet's financial envoy and Commissar of Foreign Trade. M. Krassin might be called a Bolshevik with a difference. He had no hand in the destructive phase of the revolution. In a letter of September 1918, for example, he refers to the "Terror" period as "one of the most disgusting acts of the neo-Bolsheviks."

Krassin himself was concerned only with reconstruction. As his wife puts it: "Anyone can help to pull down a house; but there are few who can rebuild. . . . Though always a professed Socialist, Krassin was no orthodox Communist in the absolute sense as was Lenin. Thus, while Lenin and his most faithful henchmen were 'internationalists' . . . all his (Krassin's) public work was performed in the interest of Russia alone. . . . Krassin was a revolutionary in the same sense as Mr. Henry Ford: no believer in wild theories. As he said on one occasion: 'Lenin promised the people bread-and-butter. Ford gave them motor-cars.'"

Lenin's famous New Economic Policy, with its partial admission of capitalism, was dubbed at first "Krassin's pet baby," and was freely denounced; but he talked very straight to his critics. "All the evils and hardships we are suffering now [he said before the Central Committee at Moscow] are due to the fact that the Communist Party consists of ten per cent. of convinced idealists, ready to die for the cause, but incapable of living for it, and ninety per cent. of unscrupulous time-servers who have simply joined the Party so as to get jobs. . . . The gospel according to Karl Marx is not the be-all and end-all of wisdom." Lenin described Krassin as "an extraordinarily gifted and fearless man," and "admired him all the more because he was not afraid to leave the Party meetings 'banging the doors behind him.' 'He is a difficult man to manage,' Lenin used to say, 'and I have to woo him as if he were a girl.'"

Mme. Krassin's book contains, of course, many allusions to England and to British political leaders, including Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Robert Horne, and the late Lord Curzon. One such reference, specially noteworthy just now, relates to her husband's death, which occurred in London, at Chesham House, on Nov. 24, 1926. "Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's physician, was called in . . . and I remember very well how astonished he was that my husband was still able to display so much vitality, and even to describe in detail his own illness. Lord Dawson expressed great pleasure at coming to know in his last hours such an interesting and cultured man." The patient endured pain with great fortitude; nor did his sense of humour forsake him at the last. When his wife tried to cheer him with the prospect of returning to live quietly in Russia, he replied: "No, dear, they will only take me nose upwards to Moscow." If all revolutionaries were as level-headed and large-hearted as Leonid Krassin, revolution would lose its sting.

With this picture of revolutionary Russia from within, as presented in the story of Krassin's life, may be compared

the impressions of a distinguished observer from without, recorded in "DREISER LOOKS AT RUSSIA." By Theodore Dreiser (Constable; 5s.). At the outset the famous American novelist points out that his visit to Russia in the winter of 1927-8, though geographically of very wide range, lasted only eleven weeks. "It would be unfair (he writes) to the Soviet régime as well as myself to assume that so brief a survey would qualify anybody to prepare a sound or complete analysis of the most tremendous government experiment ever conducted. What I offer are my experiences and observations honestly set down."

Nothing could be fairer than this caution, and, moreover, Mr. Dreiser, in accepting the invitation from the Soviet Government, had stipulated for (and received) a free hand in choosing his itinerary and drawing his conclusions, even if unfavourable. Personally, I think that the rapid investigations of a trained observer are often of more importance than the "nine-years-pondered lay" of some local resident with fixed ideas and a narrow outlook. Mr. Dreiser also brings to his task those powers of insight and delineation which belong to a writer of his calibre. But, above all, he writes with perfect candour, whether approving or disapproving, and this sense of impartiality, which pervades the whole narrative, lends high value to a book of absorbing interest.

November 1927. I have delayed writing until now, in order to prevent, if possible, any 'tracing back.' Frankly, to save my skin."

Explaining further his qualification for his dangerous task, he says, "I was in a fortunate position, holding as I did (and still do) an important executive position in the British revolutionary movement. I cannot tell here how long it took me to attain that position, but at long last I reached the ranks of the Inner Circle. . . . I am not a Government servant and my chief is not a Government official. He is the controller of an organisation that carries on the game against the Reds without any trumpets or Press cuttings, and all of it underground." If, however, all the details of his story are authentic, it is difficult to see how his identity can escape recognition.

Naturally, the author of this very intriguing book had some tense moments in Russia. "A place I never visited in Moscow," he writes, "was the headquarters of the Secret Police, or, as it is officially styled, the O.G.P.U. I was invited by an agent to go, but due to nothing more or less than pure funk, I emphatically declined. He had just been telling me that the death penalty was practically abolished in Russia except for one crime, and when I asked 'What is that?' I received the curt reply, 'Spying.' Instead of visiting headquarters I returned to my hotel and there ordered a whisky and soda—I needed it."

John Vidor's visit to Russia was much more cursory than that of Mr. Dreiser, lasting only thirty-one days, but it is interesting to compare their impressions, especially on the subject of education, to which Mr. Vidor devotes a whole chapter. He admits the perfect organisation of the system for raising new generations of Communists, but, he adds, "the Russian machine might be efficient, but it was the efficiency of the damned." Emphasising, in conclusion, his main warning to British Communists, he writes: "I wish to point out . . . that they are being fooled and used by a power that is as aggressive as Napoleon or as Germany. . . . If Britain weakens in her historic rôle as champion against the aggressor, or if she is weakened by the vast activities of this horrible thing self-styled the Communist International, then the whole world is faced by the Red terror of Bolshevik Imperialism."

Still more lurid is the picture painted in "RUSSIA UNDER THE RED FLAG": A Record of Socialism in our Time. By G. M. Godden (Burns Oates and Washbourne; 4s. 6d.). "This book," says the author, "gives a short account, taken from Russian sources, of the greatest experiment in Socialism in our time. . . . In Soviet Russia may be seen reflected as in a mirror the new England which Socialism is striving with great energy to create." This little book is practically a long catalogue of horrors, especially those connected with the persecution of religion—a kind of modern counterpart-in-little to Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." As to education, the author quotes Mr. H. G. Wells as attributing "the appalling moral condition of the youth of both sexes to the educational methods of the Proletcult."

The author sees the best hope for Russia in the activities of the Peasant Party, whose ideals, it is said, are akin to those of Anglo-Saxon democracy. "When the vision of the Peasant Party of Russia," the writer concludes, "becomes established fact, the people of England will know how to acclaim the first Ambassador sent to our shores by the free peoples of Russia under the national flag of a great nation, now forced to acknowledge the red banner of that international dictatorship which calls itself the Soviet Government."

The Truth about Russia? That is what we all want to know. I confess that after studying these conflicting, if not contradictory, testimonies, I am as far off knowing it as ever. There is a truth of fact and a truth of opinion. The facts, I suppose, may some day be established, but who is to decide between the opinions? Meanwhile, I feel the need of the same prescription that dispelled Mr. Vidor's qualms about visiting the O.G.P.U. C. E. B.



THE WHITE HART (BADGE OF RICHARD II.) AND ARMS OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR IMPALED WITH THOSE OF ENGLAND: THE REVERSE OF THE WILTON DIPTYCH, BOUGHT FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY FOR £90,000.

The front of the Wilton Diptych is illustrated on the opposite page, with particulars of the work and its acquisition for the National Gallery. The official description states: "King Richard and each of the angels wear the sign of a white hart. It hangs as a pendant from the neck of Richard, and his gown is diapered with crouching harts. Each angel wears it on the left breast. In addition, on the back of the dexter wing there is a white hart lodged, lying on a bank of flowers and bracken, a coronet of gold round his neck, from which hangs a gold chain."—[By Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery. (See the opposite page.)]

Among the things which Mr. Dreiser approves in Russia are "one of the finest systems of child education I have ever seen"; the amelioration of working conditions; the entire absence of juggling with real estate and of "our infernal newspaper racket concerning divorces"; and the fact that the Russian ideal is to give society as a whole more leisure to "study, play, think, travel." At the same time he is not uncritical of the Soviet form of government. "Though the system (he says) has wonderful features, I do not wholly agree with either its philosophy or its technique. It is too much like replacing one kind of dogmatic tyranny with another." Mr. Dreiser leaves the question of Russia's future nicely balanced, and turns to conclude with a vivid description of Lenin's embalmed body in its glass case, and of the enormous influence which his personality and writings continue to exercise.

Another observer of the Soviet régime whose visit apparently coincided for a time with that of Mr. Dreiser, has a very different tale to tell in a sensational book called "SPYING IN RUSSIA." By John Vidor, alias Comrade Z of the Communist Party of Great Britain, the National Minority Movement, member of the Central Executive Committee. Illustrated (Long; 18s.). I imagine that "John Vidor" is also an alias, as in his portrait, forming the frontispiece, the peak of his cap is pulled down well over his eyes, doubtless for good reasons. "In this book," he writes, "I have attempted to set down what I saw and heard during my visit to Russia in

THE NATION'S NEW ART TREASURES: TWO MASTERPIECES FOR £212,000.

BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



BOUGHT FOR
£90,000 FROM
THE EARL OF
PEMBROKE FOR
THE NATIONAL
GALLERY: THE
CELEBRATED
WILTON DIPTYCH,
ONCE IN THE
POSSESSION OF
CHARLES I.,
REPRESENTING
RICHARD II.,
WITH
ST. EDMUND,
EDWARD THE
CONFESSOR, AND
JOHN THE
BAPTIST
STANDING BESIDE
HIM, KNEELING
BEFORE THE
VIRGIN AND
CHILD WITH
ANGELS.



BOUGHT FOR
£122,000 FROM
THE DUKE OF
NORTHUMBERLAND
FOR THE
NATIONAL
GALLERY: "THE
CORNARO
FAMILY,"
BY TITIAN,
FORMERLY IN
VANDYCK'S
COLLECTION,
AND ACQUIRED
FROM HIS
EXECUTORS BY
ALGERNON PERCY,
TENTH EARL
OF
NORTHUMBERLAND.

The National Gallery has just been enriched by the acquisition of the two famous works shown above. The Government granted half the cost of each—that is, £45,000 towards the Diptych, and £61,000 towards the Titian. The other contributions were: for the Diptych—Mr. Samuel Courtauld, £20,000; Viscount Rothermere, £10,000; Mr. C. Frank Stoop, £10,000; the National Art-Collections Fund, £5000; for the Titian—Mr. Samuel Courtauld, £20,000; Sir Joseph Duveen, £16,000; National Art-Collections Fund, £5000; National Gallery—Claude Phillips Fund, £9500; and National Gallery—Grant in Aid, £10,500. The Wilton Diptych once belonged to Charles I. It is said to have been given by James I. to Lord

Castlemain, after whose death in 1705 it was bought by Thomas, Earl of Pembroke. The authorship is unknown, but it is generally regarded as French of the late fourteenth century. It shows King Richard II., looking little older than at the time of his accession in 1377, kneeling in adoration before the Virgin, in the presence of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, St. Edward the Confessor, and St. John the Baptist. The Cornaro Titian, as it is generally called, was the first in a list of nineteen Titians owned by Sir Anthony Vandyck. It used to be dated about 1560, but is now thought to be earlier than 1552. It shows members of the noble Venetian family worshipping before an altar.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE TALE OF A TADPOLE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

YESTERDAY I spent a quiet hour by a large pool shimmering in the sun. Over its placid surface black "pond-skaters" ran and skipped, while great brown dragon-flies wheeled about in all

developed there may be a central nervous system running, like a tube, along the whole length of the ventral floor of the body-cavity, and a main blood-vessel running along its roof, as in the earth-worm or the caterpillar, wherein the pulsations of the vessel can often be seen through the transparent skin of the back.

whales, obtain the "breath of life" from the upper air, passing it into lungs; they cannot extract the precious oxygen from the water, as do the gill-breathers.

Not the least conspicuous feature of the tadpole is its tail, for this furnishes its only means of locomotion. Later, when it crawls out on to the land, this is absorbed; but in most of the land-dwellers it forms an almost indispensable appendage right up to the large apes, where it no longer persists, though it is to be found in the embryonic stages both in apes and man. We have to climb our own ancestral tree!

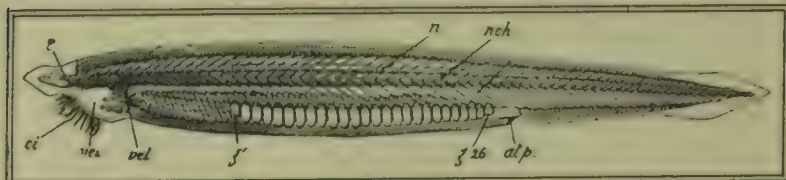


FIG. 1. SHOWING THE RUDIMENTS OF A BACKBONE: THE LANCELET, OR AMPHIOXUS, SEEN AS A TRANSPARENCY (THE SAME BODY AS IN FIG. 2). Here the body of the Lancelet is shown as a transparent object, revealing the rudiments of a backbone, or "Notochord" (*n.c.h.*), and the rudiments of the eye (*e*) embedded in the spinal nerve-cord (*n*). The entrance to the mouth is by way of a "vestibule," or chamber (*ves*) guarded in front by tentacles or "cirri" (*ci*), and behind by a grating of intercrossing tentacles, forming what is known as the "Velum" (*vel*). The reproductive bodies, or "gonads," form a row of twenty-six egg-like bodies on the ventral surface (*g 26*) and *g 26*). Behind these is the opening of the gill-chamber, or "atriopore" (*atp*).

directions hunting for flies; and, besides, there were hosts of the smaller and very beautiful blue species, either flitting about or perched on stumps of reeds or flower-heads above the water. A couple of water-hens walked delicately about among the half-submerged moss and other vegetation by the water's edge; while great-crested grebes and tufted ducks explored the depths in search of food. Here, sharing the same pool, were some of Nature's masterpieces—vertebrates and invertebrates! With this reflection, I, too, began to join in this exploration work, though I could not dive. I found myself, indeed, wishing that I could be transformed into a sort of grown-up "water-baby." However, I did the next best thing, and found a convenient place where I could lie down and watch what was going on there. Presently, in this underworld of mystery, I found a number of tadpoles, and once again their movements fascinated me. And the more I watched their little black wriggling bodies, the more I fell to thinking of their ancestral past—and ours.

Some people wax furious over the contention that between man and the apes there is at least a distant kinship! But this story of man's ancestry goes much further back than the apes. We must follow the trail till we get back to the first mammal, and thence to the first reptile; whence we pass to the amphibia—the frogs and toads, newts and salamanders; and these will take us to the fishes, till, finally, we come to the origin of the vertebrates, among which man holds pride of place.

What is a vertebrate? The animal kingdom is divisible into two great groups—vertebrates and invertebrates. The latter include creatures such as the insects, the mollusca, the worms, starfish and jelly-fish, and finally those minute, microscopic organisms commonly described as the "infusoria." The distinguishing marks between these two groups are very definite. In all the vertebrates the body has a solid, central axis with a nerve-cord immediately

gaily coloured, found in our rock-pools on the sea-shore, known as the "sea-squirts," or Tunicates (Fig. 3). Off Plymouth, by good luck, we may dredge up a still more important witness, in a small, semi-transparent creature shaped like a lance, and hence known as the Lancelet, or Amphioxus.

In this creature we have the best known of our primitive vertebrates. The general shape of the body is shown, greatly enlarged, in the lower photograph (Fig. 2). It has no eyes and no limbs. But dissect away one side, and you will find, first of all, the long central axis which is the "hall-mark" of the vertebrate. It answers to our vertebral column, or "backbone." Here, however, it takes the form of an elastic rod, and is known as the "notochord" (Fig. 1). Every vertebrate, from the lancelet to man himself, has a "notochord." But in the primitive fishes, such as the sharks, it is present only in the embryo. Later it becomes encircled by solid cylinders of calcified cartilage, with bands of fibrous tissue between them. In the "bony fishes," and thence upwards to man, these cylinders become transformed into true bone, and hence our vertebral column. But in every case, where true vertebræ are found, the notochord precedes the formation of vertebræ.

The lancelet has but the merest apology for a brain. In the fishes this is not only relatively large, but has become surrounded by a bony wall, or cranium, to form the skull. All the vertebrates have a "heart" of some sort to ensure the circulation of the blood, which is charged with two functions—the distribution of the products of digestion to repair wasted tissues and

promote growth, and effecting the requirements of respiration, whereby oxygen is carried to every part of the body, and the poisonous carbon-dioxide removed. This "breathing" is performed by "gills" in the lancelet and the fishes, as well as in the larval stages of the frog-tribe, that is to say, in the tadpoles. Later, and in all the other vertebrates, from reptiles to man, lungs take the place of gills.

This change took place with migration from the water to the land. Though some have since returned to the water, they must still, as in the



FIG. 3. AN "AWFUL WARNING": LARVAL SEA-SQUIRTS, WHICH BEGIN LIFE FULL OF PROMISE, AS LITTLE TADPOLES, BUT GRADUALLY DEGENERATE INTO "A MERE JELLY-BAG."

A quite peculiar interest attaches to the larval or tadpole stage of the sea-squirts, which are here shown contrasted with a frog-tadpole (A). B, C, D, E are successive stages in this process of degeneration. These letters severally indicate—B, a sea-squirt tadpole; C, the same, fixed by its sucker to a solid object—degeneration beginning; D, a further stage on the down grade; E, the final stage, the adult sea-squirt—a mere "jelly-bag."

Finally, a word as to the "sea-squirts" (Fig. 3). These might well be used by the moralist as an "awful warning." They begin life full of promise; since they start as little tadpoles, with an eye, a brain, a notochord, and a tail. But presently, as if "bored by the bother of growing up," they anchor themselves to some solid object by a sucker, comparable to that of the frog-tadpole, and "sulk." Presently the tail, the eye, and the brain degenerate and disappear, and the body assumes the shape of a sea-anemone, with its splendid tentacles withdrawn.

Some kinds of tunicates retain, more or less completely, the tadpole form throughout life, and are free-swimming, but, like "Peter Pan," they never "grow up." What brought about this arrested development has yet to be divined. Who can say, bearing these things in mind, that tadpoles are uninteresting creatures?

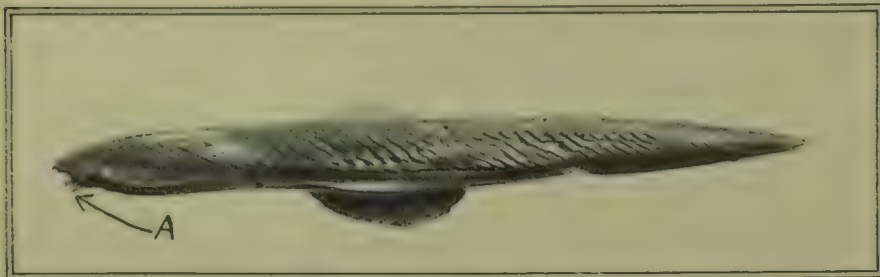


FIG. 2. REPRESENTING THE TRANSITION FROM INVERTEBRATES TO VERTEBRATES: THE LANCELET, OR AMPHIOXUS, SHOWING TENTACLES (A) GUARDING THE MOUTH. The Lancelet, or Amphioxus, is one of the most primitive of living vertebrates, having but rudiments of eyes and brain, and no skull or limbs. The external surface of the body is marked by a number of chevron-shaped lines representing the muscular bands, or "myotomes," which divide the body-wall into a number of segments, sixty-two in all. The tentacles (A) which guard the entrance to the mouth are seen at the front end of the body.

above it, and the great main blood-vessel immediately below it. The lowliest invertebrates have neither nerves nor blood-vessels. But in the more highly

"THE DRINKER OF THE AIR":



OF THE NOBLE ARABS, WHICH ARE IN DANGER OF EXTINCTION—THANKS TO CARELESS MATING AND FOR OTHER REASONS: AN EIGHT-HOUR-OLD FILLY.



AN ARABIAN MARE: "THOSE 'FANATICS' WHO BREED ARABIAN HORSES FOR PURITY ONLY . . . JUDGE A HORSE FROM ITS HEAD FIRST."



"WEAL IS KNOTTED IN THE FORELOCKS OF NOBLE HORSES UNTIL THE DAY OF JUDGMENT": A PURE ARABIAN MARE.



WORTHY TO RANK WITH HEADS OF THE SUPERB FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON: AN ARAB OF PURE BLOOD.

THE ARAB—AND THE ENGLISH STUD-BOOK.



SUGGESTING THE PARTHENON FRIEZE: THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE NOBLE ARABS OF PURE BLOOD, SUPERB ANIMALS WHICH ARE IN DANGER OF DYING-OUT.



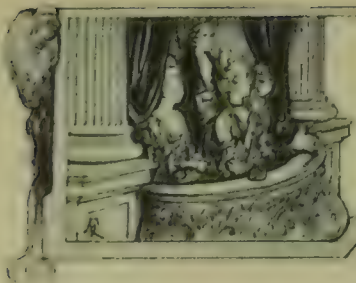
A PRODUCT OF THE IN-BREEDING THAT IS ENCOURAGED SO THAT THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A PARTICULAR STRAIN MAY BE CARRIED ON: A MARE OF PERFECT TYPE.



THE PURE ARABIAN MARE: THE CHARACTERISTIC HEAD OF AN "ASIL" ARAB BRED FOR PURITY—"FOR THE LOVE OF SEEING THE FINEST BLOOD PERPETUATED."

Writing in "ASIA" the other day, Mr. Carl R. Raswan made a statement that is of very particular interest at the moment, when Ascot, the Richmond Horse Show, the International Horse Show, and forthcoming Goodwood are under discussion. "Modern European interest in horse-breeding, which has become an American interest too, was brought about," he notes, "by a kind of revolutionary incident in the tribal life of Central Arabia, the beginning, that is, of the great migrations of the Anaza and Shammar Bedouins, after the middle of the seventeenth century, to the northern pastures. This movement extended suddenly

as far as the Middle Euphrates, and to the very gates of Damascus and even Aleppo. In 1715 the Darley Arabian, a stallion imported to England some years previously from the Anaza Bedouins in the neighbourhood of Aleppo, produced Flying Childers. The first volume of the English 'Stud-Book' was not published until 1808, but, from the time of the Darley Arabian on, there was an attempt to collect and preserve pedigrees and records. The foundation of the English thoroughbred race-horse rests solidly and historically on the Byerly Turk, the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Barb. All hackney pedigrees as well trace to the son of the Darley Arabian, who was the speediest race-horse of his time, since it was Blaze, son of Flying Childers, who, bred to a Norfolk mare, produced Shales, the first typical hackney, about 1755." Alas! that Mr. Raswan should also have to write, of modern conditions: "Last year . . . of the 4351 horses that I examined, only fourteen mares were of absolutely pure strain."



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"BULLDOG DRUMMOND" AT THE TIVOLI.

IF all our old favourites could emerge from silence with the triumphant ease of Ronald Colman, there would be no fluttering hearts in Hollywood. There must have been some trepidation amongst his adorers as to the fate of their hero when he took unto himself a voice. Let them set their fears at rest. Ronald Colman loses none of his charm, nor does his sense of humour suffer, in the presence of the microphone. "Bulldog Drummond" presents him in his Beau Geste mood, whimsical, adventurous, his smile and his boyishness, which deserted him for a while in the Conrad romance, happily restored. He seems in his element in "Sapper's" recklessly improbable and thoroughly entertaining "thriller." The adaptation, though Americanised as to settings, sticks closely enough to the original play, and gains rather than loses by the nightly errands of high-power motor-cars dashing at top-speed through the puddles and twist the hedges of ghostly country lanes. For it will be remembered that Bulldog Drummond, a very bored young officer with nothing to do after demobilisation, sought excitement through the advertising columns of the *Times*, and found it in a remote "nursing home" wherein a wealthy American suffered tortures at the hands of a gang of crooks, who were after his valuable bonds. For the sake of the pretty niece of a neighbour who is also in their power, Drummond faced a good deal of danger and discomfort before he rescued the miserable millionaire from the clutches of a maniacal doctor, a master-crook, and his masterful mistress.

This is the kind of play one is not called upon to analyse or to credit, but merely to enjoy. And with its excellently synchronised sound-effects, its admirable interpretation, aided by polished production, it fulfils its purpose well. Mr. F. Richard Jones, who directed the film, has his own ideas about English clubs, villages, old Tudor inns, and lonely country mansions, their architecture, as well as the manners and modes of their inmates. But they are pleasant ideas, so why worry? Even the choir of musical yokels, who have nothing to do but warble

decidedly picturesque as the chief crooks. Both possess voices that register well. If the little heroine, Joan Bennett, is less pleasant to listen to, she is, at least, exceptionally good to look at. The pro-



"BULLDOG DRUMMOND" AS A TALKING FILM: A SCENE FROM THE TIVOLI PRODUCTION, WITH RONALD COLMAN (STRAPPED TO A CHAIR) AS THE HERO, AND JOAN BENNETT (LYING DRUGGED) AS PHYLLIS BENTON.

"Bulldog Drummond," at the Tivoli, is a talking film version of the well-known "thick-ear" play, by "Sapper," in which Sir Gerald Du Maurier played the adventurous hero on the regular stage a few years ago. The photograph shows the arch-villain, Peterson (Montague Love) leaning over Hugh Drummond, while Irma (Lilyan Tashman) points a revolver at him. On the left Peterson's confederate, Dr. Lakington (Lawrence Grant), is watching the effect of a drug on Phyllis Benton.

ducer has obviously sought to combine the slogan of the moment, "hear what you see," with some of the established effects of the silent screen. Thus nothing is too trivial in the way of noise to escape his notice. The flop of a wet sock on the floor, the chink of ice in a glass, the rattle of a spoon dropped on the sacrosanct floor of the club's "silent room"—a great moment this—all is grist to the mill of sound. Yet the lighting-effects owe their perfection to the technique of the soundless films. Lurking shadows add to the atmosphere of mystery; headlights prick like ferocious eyes through the darkness of the night; the refinement of cruelty seems emphasised by the gleam of the Doctor's goblets and phials. There is thus pictorial value as well as successful synchronisation in "Bulldog Drummond." The combination, in addition to Ronald Colman's magic name and eagerly-awaited voice, should ensure a good long run for the "Show-Boat's" successor.

A WARNING.

The agitation in theatreland caused by the advent and the steady progress of the talking film might reasonably suggest a corresponding serenity in the world of the kinema. The scales of industry are, generally speaking, so constituted that a depression on the one side means

an upward leap on the other. Moreover, the air is full of talk concerning the "talkies." Their threat to the drama of the stage is voiced daily. The heads of the profession state their conflicting opinions publicly; and privately the smaller fry shake in their shoes. News of talking and sound films ready for release or in the making, gossip about new stars, controversy regarding rival systems, the value of the English voice as opposed to the American voice—all this fills the columns of our newspapers until it would seem that now, for the film-artist, is the tide

that, taken at the flood, leads on to greatness. Undoubtedly the much-vaunted superiority of the English accent has added hundreds of would-be "stars" to the already overflowing ranks of film-artists at a period when even the usual crowd-work is, in reality, partially in abeyance. A side-light on the real state of affairs is shed by the experience of an agent who sent out a call for small-part players on behalf of British International Pictures for the next Elstree production, "Atlantic," directed by Mr. E. A. Dupont. There were, so says this agent, three thousand applicants for jobs. Three thousand applicants—think what it means! Some three or four hundred of these thousands secured work.

The truth is that the film-industry in England is engaged in the deadly pursuit of marking time. Silent films are for the moment a drug in the market. When there is more rejoicing over the audible hiss of a syphon or the "glug-glug" of whisky poured into a glass than over the finest bit of soundless screen-drama, one can hardly expect the film-makers to embark on a silent production. Yet I believe there are only three sound-studios at present available in England. Tantalising tit-bits of news travel down the mysterious channels commanded by those "in the know," all about studios being wired, stories and plays ear-marked by this and that company. Meanwhile, the whole business is seething in the melting-pot, and, before the brew settles down to solidity, many scintillating bubbles will follow the way of their famous South Sea ancestor. The film-aspirant of to-day should beware.

(Continued on page 1112.)



"DEATH THE CHARIOTEER": A SCENE FROM A FILM ADAPTATION OF SELMA LAGERLOFF'S STORY OF THAT NAME PRODUCED UNDER THE TITLE "THY SOUL SHALL BEAR WITNESS," AT THE AVENUE PAVILION.

"Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness" is a remarkable Swedish production, directed by Victor Seastrom, and adapted from "Death the Charioteer," a story dealing with the problem of death and the hereafter, by the famous Swedish novelist, Selma Lagerlof. It is founded on a legend that anyone dying at midnight on New Year's Eve becomes "charioteer" for the following year. Dr. Lagerlof, it may be recalled, was the first woman to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature (awarded her in 1909), and last December her seventieth birthday was the occasion of national celebrations.

in the taproom of the Green Bay Tree, is a pleasant addition to English village life as we know it, but the hundred-per-cent.-American maid at the Inn is a little difficult to put up with. Apart from this blemish, the cast is singularly well selected. A genuinely amusing version of the vacuous young man-about-town, the typical Algy, is supplied by Claude Allister, who, with the hero's confidential valet (capitally played—and spoken—by Wilson Benge), insists on sharing his friend's escapade. Montague Love and Lilyan Tashman are relentlessly unscrupulous and



M. CHALIAPIN REAPPEARS IN THE RÔLE THAT FIRST MADE HIS FAME IN ENGLAND: THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN SINGER IN THE NAME-PART OF "BORIS GODOUNOV" AT COVENT GARDEN.

Moussorgsky's opera, "Boris Godounov," was revived at Covent Garden on June 12, for the first time this season, with M. Chaliapin again in the leading rôle, which first established his reputation in this country. His rendering was as impressive as ever.

THE CHANNEL AIR LINER CRASH: A LONG SPELL OF SAFETY BROKEN.



BEFORE
THE DISASTER:
THE AIR LINER
"CITY OF
OTTAWA" IN
FLIGHT, WITH
PASSENGERS AT
WINDOWS.



SALVAGING
THE AIR LINER
AFTER ITS
PLUNGE INTO
THE CHANNEL:
AN AIR VIEW
OF THE
BELGIAN
TRAWLER
"GABY,"
WHOSE CREW
DID FINE
RESCUE WORK,
ALONGSIDE
THE
WRECKAGE.



LANDING SURVIVORS AT FOLKESTONE: TWO MEN AND TWO WOMEN PASSENGERS (WRAPPED IN BLANKETS), AND THE MECHANIC, BEING BROUGHT ASHORE IN A ROWING BOAT FROM THE DOVER PILOT CUTTER.



THE WRECKAGE OF THE AIR LINER IN THE CHANNEL ALONGSIDE THE BELGIAN STEAMER "GABY": A NEARER VIEW OF THE SCENE OF SALVAGE.



SHOWING A
CROSS-BEAM
INSCRIBED
"RIPPING
PANEL. IN
CASE OF
EMERGENCY
PULL RING
SHARPLY":
THE
INTERIOR
OF
THE CABIN
IN THE
"CITY OF
OTTAWA."



AFTER THE REMAINS OF THE ILL-FATED AIR LINER HAD BEEN BEACHED AT DUNGENESS: OFFICIALS OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS DISMANTLING THE WRECKAGE.



THE FIRST FATAL ACCIDENT TO PASSENGERS BY IMPERIAL AIRWAYS SINCE THE BEGINNING OF 1925: THE WRECKED AIR LINER "CITY OF OTTAWA" ON THE BEACH AT DUNGENESS.

Disaster befell the Imperial Air Liner "City of Ottawa," which left Croydon at 10.30 a.m. on June 17 on the London-Zurich daily service. An official statement said: "The air liner . . . sent out distress signals when fifteen miles across the Channel. The pilot turned back, but when three miles from shore came down in the Channel; the pilot reported by wireless that he was landing alongside a trawler, which he did. . . . The directors deeply regret that seven of the passengers lost their lives. Four passengers and the pilot and mechanic were injured." The trawler was the "Gaby," of Ostend, which at once came alongside the wrecked aeroplane, and the Belgian crew did splendid work in saving the

survivors, and attempting to reach the others in the fore-part of the submerged cabin. The pilot, Captain R. P. D. Brailly, refused to leave his machine, and helped in the rescue work. The injured mechanic and four surviving passengers (two of them women) were taken aboard the Dover pilot cutter and brought ashore at Folkestone in a rowing boat. This fatality was the more distressing in view of the fine record for safety hitherto held by Imperial Airways. Only recently the Air Secretary (Lord Thomson) said: "Since the beginning of 1925 their regular services have flown 3,800,000 miles, without a single fatal accident to passengers. . . . Every form of transport, of course, is subject to occasional disasters."

EVENTS HOME AND FOREIGN: MILITARY; IMPERIAL; AND CIVIC.



THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO: A DAYLIGHT REHEARSAL; SHOWING THE LIVING STAR OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER IN THE CENTRE.

The Searchlight Tattoo—officially, the Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo—now one of the great features of Ascot Week, opened in the Rushmoor Arena on June 18, and it was arranged that it should be repeated on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd. A drawing showing the Battle of Waterloo Episode forms a double-page in this issue.



ILLUSTRATING THE SOMEWHAT DISAPPOINTING RESULTS OF THE DRAINING OF LAKE NEMI: ONE OF THE SO-CALLED "GALLEYS OF CALIGULA" AS REVEALED AFTER NEARLY TWO THOUSAND YEARS' SUBMERGENCE—EXPERTS INSPECTING THE TIMBER.

Disappointment has been expressed as to the results of the labour of draining Lake Nemi in order to uncover those Roman galleys that are called the "Galleys of Caligula." Signor Belluzzo, introducing the Education Estimates before the Senate, in Rome, the other day, replied to the critics, saying that, even if the cost had been higher, the undertaking would have been worth while. He pointed out that it would have been absurd to expect to find the galleys intact after nearly two thousand years. He added that experts were much pleased, and that the actual state of the first vessel was by far nearer to its original condition than was the Forum to-day to the old Forum. The work, he continued, was of great archaeological interest and importance; for they were learning, amongst other things, to what pitch of perfection and of skill the old Romans had reached in the art of naval construction.



THE QUESTION OF A NEW BRIDGE AT CHARING CROSS: A HIGH-LEVEL SCHEME PROPOSED BY MR. ERNEST HERBERT—A MODEL AT THE LONDON SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT THE LONDON MUSEUM.

In connection with the proposed new Charing Cross Bridge, the London Society has an exhibition of drawings and models at the London Museum, to illustrate "The Story of Charing Cross Bridge. Past, Present, and Future." Twenty-four schemes are included, and these comprise low-level and



THE SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO: A NIGHT VIEW; SHOWING THE LIVING STAR OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER AS PART OF THE "FINALE" GROUP. The Grand Finale is the conclusion of the Torchlight Evolutions by the 1st Bn. The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, in which over 350 men take part. "... The lanterns then advance to form the outline of a star, in which a coloured Garter and Cross unfold to form the Star of the Order of the Garter. The forming of the Garter Star acts as a signal for a Grand Finale."



THE UNCOVERING OF ONE OF THE SO-CALLED "GALLEYS OF CALIGULA": THE REMAINS OF THE CRAFT AS EXPOSED AFTER THE WATERS OF LAKE NEMI HAD BEEN MUCH LOWERED BY PUMPING.



A NOVEL COLLECTING SCHEME FOR A FUTURE HOSPITAL: A MODEL OF THE PROJECTED COPPAGH HOSPITAL, NEAR DUBLIN, PLACED IN COLLEGE GREEN TO ATTRACT CONTRIBUTIONS.

high-level plans, dating from as far back as Sir Charles Barry's proposal of 1857. It should be added that the scheme adopted in 1926, by the Royal Commission on Cross-River Traffic, has been modified, and a final decision is still to be made—it is hoped before long.



THE TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT OF THE "YELLOW BIRD": A GROUP INCLUDING MM. ASSOLANT, LEFÈVRE, AND ARMAND LOTTI—AND THE STOWAWAY.

The French aeroplane "L'Oiseau Canari" left Old Orchard, on the Maine coast, on June 13, in an attempt to fly to Paris. Her fuel having been exhausted, she had to land on the beach at Comillas, west of Santander, on the Friday. Paris was reached at 8.40 p.m. on June 16. Soon after the start, it was found that there was a stowaway aboard, Arthur Schreiber, who, by his action, may be said to have endangered the lives of the daring airmen. In the photograph (from left to right) are Schreiber, M. Lefèvre, Colonel Assolant (father of M. Assolant), M. Assolant, M. Armand, Lotti, and the last-named's father.



THE QUEEN IN HOXTON: HER MAJESTY, WITH PRINCESS MARY, ON HER ARRIVAL AT THE NEW HOSTEL OF THE GIRLS' GUILD OF GOOD LIFE.

The Queen visited Hoxton on June 13 and opened the new hostel of the Girls' Guild of Good Life. She was received by Princess Mary. During the proceedings, it was disclosed that her Majesty herself had contributed more than half of the cost of the new building—£16,000. Her first gift was £100; then came £6000 from the proceeds of the exhibition of the Queen's Dolls' House at Wembley; then a final £2000.



ROYALTY AND THE RICHMOND ROYAL HORSE SHOW: THE DUKE OF YORK PRESENTING THE SPECIAL PRIZE TO THE BEST BOY RIDER, MASTER JOHN COX. Neither the King nor the Queen could pay the customary visit to the Richmond Horse Show this year, but the event was not left without Royal patronage. On the first day, Prince George attended it, saw certain of the events, and made a tour of the show ground; and on the second day the Duke of York, vice-patron of the Show, watched judging and presented prizes.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE LATEST TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT—WITH A STOWAWAY: THE FRENCH AEROPLANE "L'OISEAU CANARI."



THE STOWAWAY OF "L'OISEAU CANARI" TREATED AS A HERO IN FRANCE: SCHREIBER "CHAIRIED" AT LE BOURGET.



THE LITTLE PRINCESS AND THE DISABLED SOLDIER: PRINCESS ELIZABETH SHAKING HANDS WITH AN EX-SERVICE MAN.

When the Duchess of York visited the Disabled Soldiers' Embroidery Industry Exhibition (Friends of the Poor) the other day, she was accompanied by her daughter, Princess Elizabeth. The little Princess, who was presented with a chair, is here seen, with her mother, shaking hands with one of the ex-Service men.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A BRITISH NAVAL OCCASION: THE "PEMBROKE" GUN-TEAM, WINNERS IN A ROYAL TOURNAMENT CONTEST, HONOURED AT CHATHAM NAVAL BARRACKS.

In a report of the final results of contests during the Royal Tournament at Olympia occurs the following statement: "R.N. and R.M. Inter-Port Field-Gun Competition.—1. H.M.S. 'Pembroke,' 4 min. 47.3-5 sec.; 2. H.M.S. 'Vivid,' 4 min. 59.3-5 sec." The name, "H.M.S. 'Pembroke,'" represents the Chatham Depot. Our photograph shows the Commodore of the Royal Naval Barracks (on balcony, left) addressing the winning team on the parade ground. They were escorted from the station by a Naval band.



AN AMERICAN NAVAL OCCASION: MIDSHIPMEN OF THE U.S. NAVY TOSSING AWAY THEIR CAPS AFTER RECEIVING DIPLOMAS.

This photograph, which reached us a few days ago from Washington, forms an interesting counterpart to the British "Naval occasion" shown in the adjoining illustration. The particulars supplied with the above photograph are very brief, being restricted to the following note: "Midshipmen tossing caps away after receiving their diplomas. This symbolic performance is traditional at the Naval Academy."



AN OPEN-AIR BAPTISM OF THREE HUNDRED CONVERTS BY TOTAL IMMERSION IN A TANK: REMARKABLE RELIGIOUS RITES IN A LONDON SUBURB—THE PRINCIPAL OF THE ELIM FOUR SQUARE GOSPEL ALLIANCE CONDUCTING THE CEREMONY IN THE GROUNDS OF THE INSTITUTION'S COLLEGE AT CLAPHAM.

Three hundred converts—men and women—were publicly baptized by total immersion in a large tank, on June 15, in the grounds of the College of the Elim Four Square Gospel Alliance, in Clarence Road, near Clapham Common. The ceremony was conducted by Principal George

Jeffreys, the head of the institution, in the presence of some three thousand spectators. Among those baptized, it may be mentioned, were two whole families, a pair of twins, and an old man with a flowing white beard.



THE RE-BURIAL OF SUN YAT-SEN, FOUNDER OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC: THE BLUE, WHITE AND GOLD RAILWAY CARRIAGE BRINGING THE COFFIN TO NANKING.

Towards the end of May the body of Sun Yat-Sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, who died at Peking in 1925, was removed from the Buddhist Temple of Pi Yun Ssu (the "Monastery of the Azure Clouds") near that city, and conveyed to Nanking, where the Republic was first established in 1912. The cortege left Peking in four special trains. That containing the body was painted



THE WIDOW OF SUN YAT-SEN AT HIS RE-BURIAL IN A NEW MAUSOLEUM AT NANKING: MME. SUN (SECOND FROM RIGHT) AMONG THE MOURNERS.

white, blue and gold. On its arrival at Pukow, opposite Nanking, the coffin was lifted out by Ministers of State and a short ceremony was performed at a special altar. Mme. Sun Yat-Sen, the widow, was present, and she was the chief mourner when, on June 1, her husband's body was laid to rest in the ornate mausoleum specially built on the Purple Mountain near Nanking.

Tutankhamen's Canopic Chest: A Gem of Egyptian Sculpture.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)



UNLIDDED, AND DISCLOSING FOUR ALABASTER BUSTS OF THE YOUNG KING—"STOPPERS" TO THE RECEPTACLES OF MINIATURE COFFINS: THE EXQUISITE CANOPIC CHEST, WITH GOLD DADO AND GUARDIAN GODDESSES.

Incredible as it may seem, the interest in the amazing treasures of Tutankhamen's Tomb, already universal, is about to be increased. From time to time, we have published pictures of "finds" so artistic and so unexpected that they have fascinated the world. To these pictures, we shall add shortly a considerable number of others that are even more astonishing. At the moment, we prefer not to disclose the nature of the objects to be revealed, but we can assure our readers that they are as regal as they are beautiful and "personal." Meanwhile, we give here, in

colours, a reproduction of Tutankhamen's canopic chest, which we illustrated in monochrome in February, 1928. In this connection, it should be recalled that, when found in the shrine in the Innermost Recess, the canopic chest was covered with a linen pall draped over it when the king was buried about 1350 B.C. The removal of the pall disclosed the lidded chest. The removal of the lid brought to light four alabaster heads of the young king, forming "stoppers" to receptacles, each containing a miniature gold coffin for the king's viscera.



"BONEY'S BEATEN!"—BRINGING THE GOOD NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO BEFORE THE DAYS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

This characteristic picture by George Wright gains particular interest at the moment from the fact that the Battle of Waterloo is one of the Episodes of the Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo, which opened on June 18, for five successive nights of the customary remarkable and stirring spectacle that is now associated with the Rushmore Arena in Ascot Week. To quote an official preliminary announcement: "The Battle of Waterloo and the Duchess of Richmond's Ball, by which it is preceded, will make the largest demand upon the *personnel* of Aldershot Command. For the ball scene alone, fifty-six

actors and 'actresses' will be required, whilst the battle phase will need 1156 performers." The time taken to convey news in 1815 may be gauged from the following. The result of the battle, which was fought on June 18 and concluded after eight in the evening, arrived in Ostend on the same day. Thence, the owner of a sailing-vessel put out to sea at once, to relieve the public anxiety. He reached Colchester on the 19th, and his news was published in the "Times" on June 21. Downing Street issued the official news on June 22. General distribution throughout the country was, of course, by coach.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY GEORGE WRIGHT.

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PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE RETIREMENT OF MR. FRANK COOK, OF COOK'S, THE GREAT TOURIST AGENCY WHICH ONCE "CONDUCTED" A WAR.

AN ADDRESS PRESENTED BY THE STAFF.
Mr. Frank Cook is the last male descendant of the founder of Cook's. He retired this week after over fifty years with the firm. He arranged the visit of the ex-Kaiser to Palestine; and it is noteworthy that Cook's once "conducted" a war: they organised the transport of the British troops to Wadi Halfa for the relief of Khartum. Our photograph shows Mr. G. Ballance presenting the address.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM, VISITORS TO THIS COUNTRY, WHO HAVE JUST PLAYED THEIR FIRST TEST MATCH AGAINST ENGLAND: A GROUP.

In the back row (from left to right) are A. L. Ochs, H. G. Owen-Smith, E. L. Dalton, and A. J. Bell. In the next row are B. Mitchell, O. McMillan, I. J. Siedle, J. A. J. Christy, N. A. Quinn, D. P. B. Morkel, and C. L. Vincent. In front are E. A. Van der Merwe, H. W. Taylor, H. G. Deane, R. H. Catterall, and H. B. Cameron. The first Test Match against England began on the ground of the Warwickshire Cricket Club, at Birmingham, on Saturday, June 15.



THE STOCKBROKER WINNER AND THE JOINER RUNNER-UP IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP FINAL: MR. C. J. H. TOLLEY (LEFT) AND MR. J. NELSON SMITH.

In the final of the Amateur Golf Championship, Mr. Tolley (Rye) beat Mr. J. Nelson Smith (Earlsferry Thistle) on the thirty-third green, and thus became Amateur Champion again after an interval of nine years.



THE OFFICIAL OBSERVER OF VESUVIUS: PROFESSOR ALESSANDRO MALLADRA.

Professor Malladra is the Director of the Royal Vesuvius Observatory, and has made many courageous descents of investigation into the crater of the volcano. He has been courteous enough to send us the fine photographs which appear in this number.



A SIGNAL BRITISH MOTORING TRIUMPH IN FRANCE: MR. WOOLF BARNATO AFTER HIS WIN AT LE MANS IN THE RECENT GRAND PRIX ENDURANCE RACE.

In the Grand Prix Endurance Race at Le Mans, British Bentleys gained the first four places. The first was driven alternately by Mr. Barnato and Mr. H. R. Birkin. It covered 1754 miles in the twenty-four hours, and averaged 73 m.p.h.



JUDGE ATHERLEY-JONES.

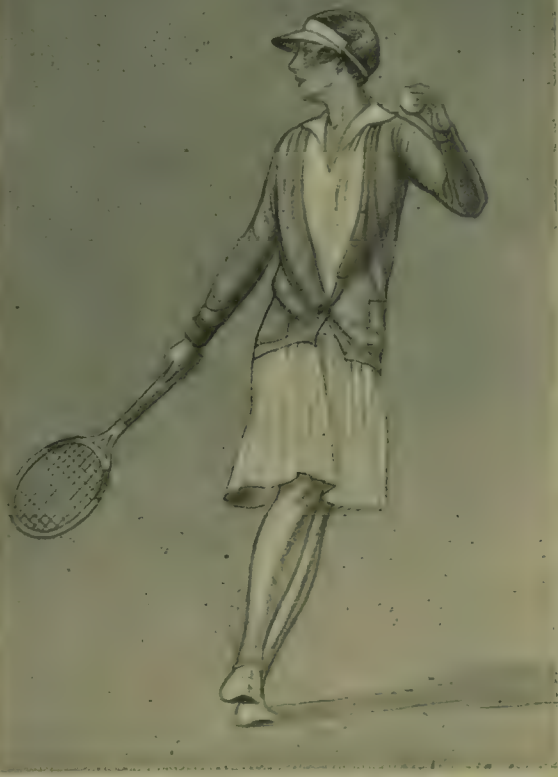
of the Mayor's and City of London Court; and a Commissioner, Central Criminal Court. Ex-M.P. Died, June 15; aged 82.

MR. RAY KEECH. The racing motorist who was Sir H. Segrave's rival at Daytona. Killed in a 200-mile International motor race on the Altoona Track at Tipton, Pennsylvania, on June 15.



MR. J. P. GILSON.

Keeper of the Manuscripts and Egerton Librarian at the British Museum. Died on June 16. Born in 1868. Joined the Museum staff in 1894.



MISS HELEN WILLS, THE LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION, DRAWN BY HERSELF: A PICTURE FROM HER ONE-WOMAN EXHIBITION.

Miss Helen Wills is devoted to art, and she has a one-woman show of her work at the Cooling Galleries, in New Bond Street. Many of her drawings of herself and of other "stars" of the Centre Court have been reproduced from time to time in the "Sketch," and the example here given is reproduced in colours, with two others, in the next issue of that paper.

MISS SUSAN LAWRENCE.

Appointed Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health. Educated at Newnham. Has done much L.C.C. work. Attacked Ministry of Health in last Parliament. Fifty-eight.



MR. JACK HAYES. Appointed Vice-Chamberlain of the Household. Formerly a Metropolitan policeman. General Secretary, National Union of Police and Prison Officers. Aged thirty-nine.



MR. BEN SMITH. Appointed Treasurer of the Household. Formerly drove a taxi-cab. A Junior Whip in the last Parliament. General Organiser of the Transport Union. Aged fifty.

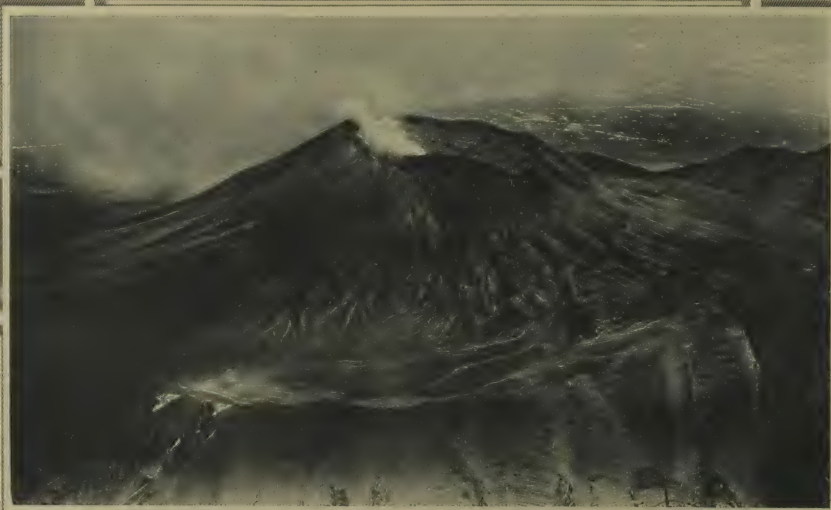


PHASES OF THE RECENT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS: REMARKABLE

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY SENT BY PROFESSOR ALESSANDRO

CLOSE-RANGE PHOTOGRAPHS.

MALLADRA, DIRECTOR OF THE VESUVIAN OBSERVATORY.



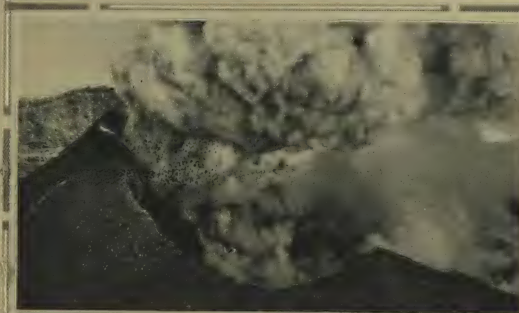
THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS BEFORE THE ERUPTION (WHEN LAVA FLOWED FROM THE LOWER LEFT CORNER); THE VOLCANO AND THE VALLE DELL' INFERNO PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE.



ON SUNDAY, JUNE 2: THE FIRST PHASE OF THE VOLCANO'S ACTIVITY—THE ERUPTIVE CONE WITHIN THE CRATER BEGINNING TO THROW UP FUMES AND SHOWERS OF INCANDESCENT STONES.



ON JUNE 3: THE SECOND PHASE—THE BEGINNING OF THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ERUPTIVE CONE IN THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS.



ON JUNE 4: THE THIRD PHASE—THE FIERY MOUTH OF THE VOLCANO IN ACTION, AND LAVA POURING OUT OF THE ERUPTIVE CONE.



ON JUNE 5: THE FOURTH PHASE—A GREAT EXPLOSION OF THE ERUPTIVE CONE, WHICH WAS THUS ALMOST ENTIRELY DESTROYED.



ON JUNE 6: THE FIFTH PHASE—AN EXPLOSION FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE CRATER—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ONLY 16 YARDS FROM THE MOUTH OF FIRE.



ON JUNE 7: THE SIXTH PHASE—ALL THAT THEN REMAINED OF THE ERUPTIVE CONE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ONLY 16 YARDS FROM THE MOUTH OF FIRE.

These remarkable photographs were taken during the recent eruption of Vesuvius (whose destructive effects were illustrated in our last issue) by Professor Alessandro Malladra, the famous Director of the Vesuvian Observatory. They show in sequence (indicated by their dates) the successive stages of the eruption as seen from close range. Professor Malladra, with his usual courage, stayed the whole time on the crater and beside the currents of lava to note the phenomena. He was hit several times by falling stones and burnt on the face by the reflection of the fierce heat. The temperature of the lava was 1250 Centigrade. In a descriptive note on his photographs, he writes: "The eruption of Vesuvius in June, 1929, was the most violent since 1906. It lasted from June 2 to 8. Its characteristics were large fountains of lava, extremely liquid, which first filled the great crater, nearly

two miles in circumference, then overflowed in gigantic cascades about 216 yards wide into the Valle dell' Inferno, which was filled at once; they then poured from the Great Cone and Monte Somma in two very rapid currents, one of which destroyed Campitello, Paganà, and part of Avini (three parts of the pretty town of Terracina); whilst the second flowed over the lava of 1909. The eruption began with great explosions and projections of incandescent stones, which partly destroyed the eruptive cone in the crater, then about 325 ft. high. On June 3 fountains of lava started, which continually increased. The last, and most terrible, occurred at 4 o'clock on June 5, with a column of liquid lava over 1600 ft. high, whilst the column of gases and smoke rose to a height of about 2 to 2½ miles. This outburst alone gave out three million cubic metres of lava, which, in an hour, reached Avini. The total quantity of lava emitted was about twelve million cubic metres. The bottom of the crater increased to nearly ten metres (about 32 ft.) in thickness. On the Thursday and Friday (June 6 and 7), there were great explosions, which ended on the Saturday, June 8. At the Vesuvius Observatory there were continual earthquakes." A portrait of Professor Malladra appears on page 1099 of this number.

ROYAL ASCOT—WITHOUT THE KING AND QUEEN: THE PRINCE ATTENDS.



ON THE OPENING DAY OF THIS YEAR'S ASCOT, WHICH WAS LESS "ROYAL" THAN USUAL, OWING TO THE ABSENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE CONSEQUENT ABANDONMENT OF THE CUSTOMARY PROCESSION: THE FINISH OF THE ASCOT STAKES, WHICH WAS WON BY OLD ORKNEY.



ROYALTY AT THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ASCOT: THE ROYAL BOX ON THE OPENING DAY; SHOWING THE PRINCE OF WALES (UNDER THE CANOPY), THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (ON THE PRINCE'S LEFT HAND), THE DUKE OF YORK (NEXT-BUT-ONE TO THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT), AND THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

Royal Ascot was less "Royal" this year than is usual, for, owing to the King's convalescence, neither his Majesty nor the Queen could arrange to attend the meeting. Obviously, however, Royalty did not forget the occasion, and, on the first day, for example, the Prince of Wales motored over from his house at Sunningdale. The first Royal arrivals on that day were Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles, who came over from Windsor Castle; and it was Princess

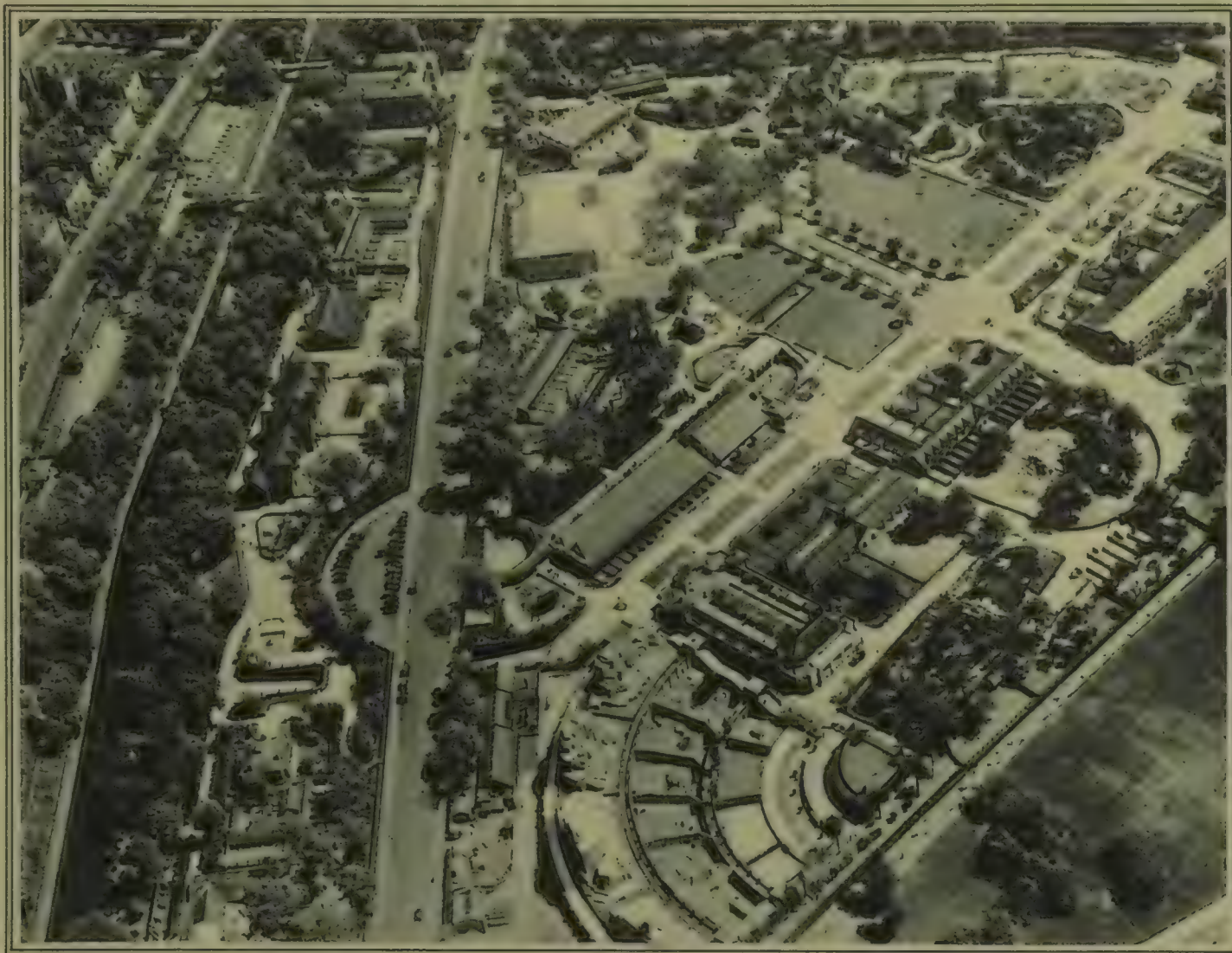
Mary who acted as hostess in the Royal Box. Other Royalties present were the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Connaught, Lady Patricia Ramsay, and Princess Ingrid of Sweden. The Ascot Stakes, of which we show the finish, was won by Mr. J. J. Murphy's Old Orkney; with Colonel H. A. Wernher's Brown Jack second; and Lord Lascelles's The Consul third. Old Orkney started at 10 to 1; Brown Jack at 100 to 9, and The Consul at 100 to 8.

ATTRACTIONS OF A GREAT WEEK—FROM THE AIR: ASCOT; THE "ZOO."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROFILMS, LTD.



ROYAL ASCOT:
THE PADDOCK
(RIGHT
FOREGROUND);
THE ROYAL
ENCLOSURE
(BEHIND THIS);
THE
GRAND-STANDS
(FURTHERALONG);
AND THE
WINNING-POST
(OPPOSITE THE
ROYAL
ENCLOSURE).



THE SCENE OF AN
EVENING GARDEN-
PARTY ON JUNE 20,
IN CELEBRATION
OF THE
ZOOLOGICAL
SOCIETY'S CENTEN-
ARY: THE ZOO-
LOGICAL GARDENS
—THE REGENT'S
CANAL (ON THE
LEFT); THE OUTER
CIRCLE (FURTHER
TO THE RIGHT);
THE MAPPIN
TERRACES (IN THE
CENTRE FORE-
GROUND); THE
MONKEY HOUSE
(IN THE CENTRE
OF THE PICTURE);
AND OTHER
BUILDINGS.

This week has been a very remarkable one from the social point of view, for it has included in its gaieties Royal Ascot, the Olympia Horse Show, the Aldershot Searchlight Tattoo, and the evening Garden-Party in celebration of the Centenary of the Zoological Society. As to Ascot, there is no need for us to dilate upon its glories, although this year they were shorn of something of their splendour from the fact that, owing to the King's convalescence, neither his Majesty nor the Queen could arrange to attend. A point may be added, however, in connection with the use of "Royal Ascot" for what is technically described as the Ascot Heath Meeting. We take it from the "Times." "It is always assumed that the first Ascot Meeting was held in 1711, and was

attended by Queen Anne, but it is quite possible that there was racing on Ascot Heath before that. It is, however, known that Queen Anne was present at a meeting on the Heath in 1711, as is found recorded in a letter from Swift to Stella. . . . It was under George III. that Ascot, which the King would patronise with all his family from the Prince of Wales to the little Princess Amelia, grew from small beginnings to the dignity of a Gold Cup, that famous trophy being first run for in 1807. George III. instituted the Royal Procession up the course."—As we have had occasion to note before, the Zoological Society of London is celebrating its centenary this year. The latest official rejoicing took the form of an evening garden-party at the "Zoo."

THE ART WORLD: A NEW "OLD MASTER"; AND FINE "LOTS."



THE VOGUE FOR RICHARD WILSON: "THE THAMES AT TWICKENHAM," WHICH HAS FETCHED THE RECORD PRICE OF 6,400 GUINEAS.



ANOTHER HIGH-PRICED WILSON (1,250 GUINEAS): "A VIEW OF LONDON FROM HIGHGATE"—FORMERLY KNOWN AS "A VIEW NEAR OXFORD."



ONE OF A SET OF FOUR: A FINE PANEL OF LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH TAPESTRY—PROBABLY WOVEN BY JOHN VANDERBANCKS—THE PROPERTY OF LORD YARBOROUGH.



"JUDITH LEYSTER," BY FRANS HALS: A PORTRAIT (SHOWING THE FAMOUS DUTCH ARTIST WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE), WHICH HAS BEEN SOLD IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 250,000 DOLLARS.

THE FAMOUS "PEPYS" MAZER TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION: THE BOWL FROM THE EDWARD VI. ALMHOUSES AT SAFFRON WALDEN—LONDON—HALLMARK, 1507.



A GAINSBOROUGH THAT FETCHED 8,800 GUINEAS THE OTHER DAY: "PORTRAIT OF MRS. DUFUIS," SISTER OF THE REV. DR. SAMUEL KILDEBEE, THE ARTIST'S FRIEND.



The Ford Collection of landscape and classical pictures by Richard Wilson, R.A. (1714-1782), was sold at Christie's on June 14. Wilson was not particularly the vogue in his own day, and is not likely to have received more than a hundred guineas for his best painting. "The Thames at Twickenham" is 23 inches by 35. One of the "lots"—"On Hounslow Heath," which fetched 900 guineas—is to be presented to the National Gallery through the National Art-Collections Fund.—On the same day Christie's sold the "Portrait of Mrs. Dufuis," by Gainsborough, for 8,800 guineas.—The panel of tapestry illustrated is one of a set of four which is to be sold at Christie's on July 11. On the following day, pictures from Lord Yarborough's collection are to be

auctioned.—The "Judith Leyster" was sold recently to a Washington collector by the Ehrich Galleries, of New York. Dr. W. R. Valentiner, Director of the Detroit Institute of Arts, classes it as a characteristic painting by Frans Hals, the elder, executed about 1620-25.—The "Pepys" mazer bowl, which Christie's will offer for sale on July 3, under instructions from the Saffron Walden Almshouse Trustees, has been in the possession of the almshouses for over five hundred years, and it is insured for £5,000. Pepys, the immortal diarist, wrote of it: "They brought me a draft of their drink in a brown bowl, tipt with silver, which I drank off. At the bottom was a picture of the Virgin and the Child in her arms, done in silver."

CANALETTO ILLUSTRATES ENGLAND: NON-VENETIAN EXAMPLES OF HIS ART.



CANALETTO'S PICTURE OF A FAMOUS ENGLISH SPORTING PEER'S ESTATE: "BADMINTON PARK," CIRCA 1748. (LENT TO THE EXHIBITION BY THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.)



A HEADQUARTERS OF SPORT IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND AS CANALETTO SAW IT: "BADMINTON HOUSE," C. 1748—A COMPANION PICTURE TO THAT ADJOINING. (LENT BY THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.)



ONE OF "THE STately HOMES OF ENGLAND" DEPICTED BY CANALETTO: "WARWICK CASTLE"—THE SOUTH FRONT, WITH CÆSAR'S TOWER AND A BRIDGE OVER THE AVON. (LENT BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE EARL OF WARWICK.)



CANALETTO'S PICTURE OF A DUCAL SEAT WHENCE THE CORNARO TITIAN LATELY CAME TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "ALNWICK CASTLE," C. 1754. (LENT BY THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.)



CANALETTO'S "VIEW OF THE THAMES AND WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1747": A PICTURESQUE RECORD OF THE OLD-TIME WATER PROCESSIONS IN STATE BARGES. (LENT BY THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.)



"WESTMINSTER BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, 1747": CANALETTO'S PICTURE OF THE BRIDGE THAT INSPIRED WORDSWORTH, AND WAS REPLACED BY THE PRESENT STRUCTURE IN 1862. (LENT BY THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.)

Canaletto's fame is so much identified with Venice that it is a novel and very interesting experience to be able to study a group of his paintings of English buildings and landscape. Such an opportunity will occur at the sixth Loan Exhibition of the Magnasco Society, to be held at the galleries of Messrs. Spink and Son, Ltd., 5-7, King Street, St. James's, from June 28 to July 12, in aid of the Kensington, Fulham, and Chelsea General Hospital. This will be the first exhibition ever devoted to Canaletto alone, and it will include four of his finest pictures, besides a number of drawings, lent by the King from the Royal Collection. In a foreword to the Exhibition Catalogue, we read: "Antonio Canal, commonly known as Canaletto (1697-1768) . . . is in more ways than one closely associated with England. Englishmen figured prominently among his patrons, the principal one of whom, indeed, was Joseph Smith, who filled the post of British Consul in Venice from 1740 until his death in 1770; and it was from him that George III. acquired the incomparable series of paintings and drawings by Canaletto now at Windsor Castle. Canaletto's contact with England was, however, even closer than is indicated by the above facts, for, as has been

fully established by the researches of Mrs. Finberg (published in the ninth annual volume of the Walpole Society in 1921), Canaletto came to England in 1746, and stayed in this country until 1755, save for a brief visit to Venice in 1750-1. No wonder, then, that the art of Canaletto should to this day be better represented in English collections than anywhere else in the world." Among other private lenders of pictures to the forthcoming exhibition, besides his Majesty, may be mentioned the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Northumberland, Mrs. Prideaux, Major John Mills, and Mr. Geoffrey Howard. Many fine examples of the great Venetian master's work to be seen at Messrs. Spink's galleries are at present unknown to the public. There will be a private view on June 27. The President of the Magnasco Society is the Marquis of Carisbrooke, and the Hon. Secretary is Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : EARLY GERMAN WOOD-CARVING.

By FRANK DAVIS.

MANY people find it difficult to appreciate a primitive painting. They think the forms are merely uncouth; the faces expressionless, and the design lacking in rhythm. They dismiss the picture as quaint and amusing. It is fairly safe to suggest that of the many who have recently seen the two newly acquired pictures at the National Gallery—the Wilton Diptych, and the Cornaro Titian—the majority will much prefer the later work. It is not that it is possible to compare the two, or even desirable. But the fact remains that the earlier picture will leave many people cold; while the flowing rhythms and marvellous handling of the Titian will make a more immediate appeal to public taste.

To compare small things with great, probably most of us will prefer the little box-wood carving illustrated in Fig. 2 on this page to the considerably earlier Adoration of the Kings in Fig. 1. Both, as

gesture. The third Mage on the right is wearing a turban, and has all the serious grace of a figure that has stepped straight out of a *mille-fleurs* tapestry.

Wood-carving was the glory of mediæval Germany. One must think of these early pieces, as indeed of nearly all primitives, as being done without conscious art. They were of the people and for the people—made, as a rule, to point a moral or adorn a tale. When the congregation can't read, one must either paint the story of Christianity upon the walls of the church, or give them statues and carvings which will impress their minds as much as the words of the priest. The few vestiges of paintings in England that were not destroyed at the Reformation were all done for the purpose of instruction; decoration was probably only a secondary consideration. For some reason or other German peasant taste ran to wood-carving rather than to painting, and the result is a vast number of imposing altar-pieces and figures, scattered in practically every church in the country. The great altar-pieces are of the highest importance. There is an enormous and marvellously intricate example illustrating incidents in the life of St. Margaret in the Victoria

red, blue, and gold. This piece, like the wonderful Virgin and Child example at the Museum, is Swabian. The arrangement of the various personages in a row is a sufficient indication that it belongs to this school. Elsewhere in Germany the tendency was towards a

tormented agitation, and a rather finicky elaboration of details such as the folds of dresses, etc., but the Swabian examples are more restrained; they are, in fact, often compared to similar contemporary figures made in France, not for their detail, of course, nor for their sense of form—a quality which was somehow inherent in the best French work—but on account of their greater tranquillity and refinement in comparison with the work of other districts. The gestures are restrained, and the artists depend for their effect upon facial expression rather than upon violent action.

The inquirer will note that in general, whereas the drapery is quite conventional, the heads are naturalistic—in fact, sometimes so near to Nature as to be almost caricatures. There is not much attempt at idealism; the faces are those of persons one might meet in the street at any time—quite

FIG. 3. "WOOD-CARVING WAS THE GLORY OF MEDIÆVAL GERMANY": A FIGURE OF A SAINT (ABOUT 1450).

All the illustrations on this page represent items in a forthcoming Exhibition of early carving and furniture to be opened in July at the gallery of Isaac Shenker at 118, Brompton Road.

ordinary, and sometimes exceedingly funny; they might be you or I, dear Sir, or Madam, and not our guardian angels.

On the whole, the German wood-carvers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, though skilful and ingenious, were not of outstanding originality. They very rarely indeed devised any of their own compositions. They owed not only design, but the smallest details, to other artists. That is why nearly every example one sees is either frankly a copy, or a reminiscence, of some print or painting or wood-cut, either Flemish or German.



A CONTRAST IN STYLES INDICATING THE CHANGE IN TASTE DUE TO THE RENAISSANCE: FIG. 1 (LEFT) "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," A 15TH CENTURY GERMAN CARVING, MORE RESTRAINED THAN THE LATER WORK ADJOINING; FIG. 2 (RIGHT) "THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS," A 16TH CENTURY GERMAN CARVING IN BOXWOOD, MORE DRAMATIC THAN THE OLDER WORK IN FIG. 1.

are the other illustrations, are German work, with at least a century between them. We can date the "Descent from the Cross" somewhere about 1550—perhaps later; the other was made about 1450. Both are of extremely good quality, and give a very fair notion of the change in taste and feeling and accomplishment that came over all Europe as a result of the revival of learning.

But if the appeal of the easy flowing construction of Fig. 2 is more immediate, that is partly because it is more sophisticated. The sentiment is perfectly sincere, but a little bit exaggerated, almost theatrical; it is most ably designed and very dramatic. The artist, whoever he was, is very near to ourselves; we are familiar with this easy mastery in a thousand and one different artistic forms—not consciously familiar, of course, any more than a duck is consciously familiar with its pond, but mere habit is sufficient for both the duck and ourselves.

Let us jump the gulf which separates the late sixteenth-century from the fifteenth. Here (in Fig. 1) is work which is not a bit theatrical: these people aren't posing just for our benefit. The artist is passionately convinced of their reality and of their devotion: he has no great command over his material, but he more than makes up for his lack of technical equipment by the naïveté and strength of his faith. The three figures at the back are rather monotonously placed, but the centre King is removing his pointed hat with a charming

and Albert Museum, and another, from Swabia, of the Virgin and Child with various saints. These two are placed back to back near the entrance, and will repay the most careful study; they are no doubt already familiar to many readers of this page.

A much more modest (modest, of course, in size), and less intricate, but quite good example, is illustrated in Fig. 4. The date would be about 1520. The Gothic ornament at the top is gilded, and the colouring of the figures is mainly



FIG. 4. SWABIAN WORK SHOWING A TRANQUILITY AND RESTRAINT IN MARKED CONTRAST TO THE AGITATED STYLE FOUND ELSEWHERE IN GERMANY: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ALTAR-PIECE, WITH WINGS EXTENDED (ABOUT 1520).

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TANGANYIKA HOUSE AT ELIZABETHVILLE, WHICH TOWN, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE GREAT KATANGA COPPER-MINING INDUSTRY, WILL EVENTUALLY BE DIRECTLY CONNECTED BY RAIL WITH LOBITO BAY.

The inauguration of the Benguela Railway, which was formally opened, on June 10, by the Portuguese Minister for the Colonies, in the presence of Prince Arthur of Connaught, at Luao, on the Angola-Belgian Congo border, is an earnest of the strides made of late years in railway construction in Africa. It must have brought immense satisfaction to the originator of the project, Sir Robert Williams, and those Portuguese and Belgian colleagues who have collaborated with him since its inception nearly thirty years ago. An extension of a further 300 miles through the Belgian Congo, which will link it up with a trans-African railway system, is now under construction, and will be completed by the end of next year. It will

then be possible to explore further into the vast mineral wealth of Northern Rhodesia and Katanga, since these areas will have their own outlet to the sea at Lobito Bay, which will enable their low-grade mining propositions to pay their way, while the richer areas enjoy increased profits. With the opening up of the mines the industrial and agricultural development of the surrounding country will proceed apace. The interests of Great Britain and the Empire are much involved in this new route to the interior of Africa, which should greatly reduce the cost of Empire products from that part of the world. The making of the Benguela Railway is estimated to have cost £12,000,000.

The Way of the World Through Women's Eyes.

By "MILLAMANT."

International Chic.

I am beginning to believe that we may yet learn to regret the much-abused dowdiness and bad dressing of a past generation of Englishwomen! This remarkable idea was forced into my head after visiting a series of exhibitions of paintings by foreign artists, and before attending the most famous race-meeting in the world, graced by the presence of horses and women of supreme class and quality.

To begin with Ascot. Its "national" quality was once definite, and of course it still combines royal state, social brilliance, and genuine sporting interest in a purely English manner, though it is international, in that French and American horses compete for its prizes and foreign diplomats and Transatlantic visitors in large numbers may

THE HON. MRS. HENRY TUFTON: IN AN ATTRACTIVE NAVY BLUE DRESS SPOTTED WITH LIGHTER BLUE AND WORN WITH A NAVY COAT. Fashion has conferred its approval on the ensemble consisting of a figured silk dress worn under a plain coat. The Hon. Mrs. Henry Tufton, daughter-in-law of Lord Hothfield, went racing at Newbury in a navy blue silk dress spotted with pale blue, worn under a navy blue coat lined with the patterned material. Her hat was a wide-brimmed cloche adorned with a diamond brooch.

Photograph by N.I.

be encountered in its Royal Enclosure. These, however, are not the innovations which may alter its character. It is the international *chic* of feminine costume and carriage which will do this, by presenting a revue of Englishwomen so well dressed, and conforming so definitely to the laws of the mode as laid down in Paris, London, Madrid, and New York, that they betray neither national faults nor beauties. They are simply well-dressed women.

I suppose that general smartness should be thoroughly satisfactory; and yet the more cosmopolitan we become the more we begin unconsciously to appreciate the national characteristics we have lost, even those which were once abused as "insular" or "provincial"; and the present-day tendency to produce beautiful "citizenesses of the world" instead of definitely national types is beginning to give society a "mass production" air.

The Artist and Modern Elegance.

Not long ago we were able to see how Laszlo deals with the standardised *chic* of modern woman, and everyone remarked how this well-known artist now makes a definite effort to paint his sitters in dresses which

suggest the costumes worn by the subjects of the great English eighteenth-century portrait-painters. He deliberately introduces draperies in the Romney manner, and thus cheats even the smartest sitter of the full accent of her evanescent *chic*.

Last week Señor Beltran-Massés, the well-known Spanish painter, opened his first London exhibition at the New Burlington Galleries, and it was easy to see at a glance that this fashionable Iberian artist is an enemy of international *chic* and the standardisation it entails. He is a well-known figure in Parisian artistic circles, and has painted society women and stage artists in Spain, France, and America, but deplores the fact that to-day all women "look alike" and follow the same styles. Beltran-Massés has cleverly checkmated any possibility of this tendency in his sitters by posing them in Spanish and Italian settings. For instance, he has painted Lady Michelham in a gondola, with a Venetian landscape as a background; and another sitter is shown in a dress designed on Egyptian lines, which achieves a classic elegance.

Parisian Beauties by a Japanese.

Foujita is another foreign artist whose work was exhibited in London last week. Like Van Dongen, Beltran-Massés, and so many others, he is a typical Parisian artist by

NOTABLE WOMEN IN NOTABLE FROCKS.



EXAMPLES OF WELL-CHOSEN ATTIRE FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY AND LADY HELEN STEWART.

The Marchioness of Londonderry is pictured above in a successful ensemble of figured silk and plain material. The skirt is made with a wrap-over effect, and the three-quarter length coat, highly favoured by Fashion at the moment, is lined with the figured silk. The helmet hat is not of the exaggerated shape, and ear-rings are worn with it. Lady Helen Stewart, one of Lady Londonderry's débutante daughters, has a simply cut tweed coat frock, buttoned all the way down the front and worn with a narrow belt marking the natural waistline. The "Chillie" type of shoe worn by Lady Helen is worthy of attention.

now, though of course he is not a Frenchman; but it is really strange that in his pictures of women there should be no trace of his Japanese origin. It would appear that international *chic* has had yet another victory, and has robbed Foujita of his national vision in regard to feminine beauty; for all the women he paints are good-looking according to European standards, and are all very modern in type as to heads; but they do not, it is true, show the extreme slimness which is now an accepted convention of Western beauty. It is only when Foujita turns to cats that he paints pictures which show the country

of his origin, for only a Chinese or a Japanese could have produced that peculiar decorative quality in animal-painting.

Raiding Old Jewel-Boxes to Achieve Modernity.

The very latest vogue in jewellery will please the older generation enormously, for it means nothing more nor less than a raid on the old jewel-boxes which have laid for years undisturbed and forgotten. The older your jewels, the smarter your ornaments to-day. At a recent society function, everyone remarked the striking brooch worn by the Dowager Lady Swaythling. Admiring comments elicited the surprising information that it was a very old ornament indeed, and was actually the copy of the Breastplate of Judgment worn by Aaron and described in Exodus! The brooch (or breastplate) is large and square, set with four rows of stones—a sardius, a topaz, and a carbuncle; an emerald, a sapphire, and a diamond; a ligure, an agate, and an amethyst; a beryl, an onyx, and a jasper. These represented the twelve tribes of the Children of Israel. The names of the stones are those actually mentioned in the Bible, but more modern interpretations translate "sardius" as ruby, "carbuncle" as emerald, "ligure" as jacinth, and "beryl" as aquamarine. One can imagine the very handsome brooch that these stones would make, and the historical association adds considerably to the interest. Though everyone may not be fortunate enough to possess such a unique jewel, yet most trinket-cases can yield something which can be made youthful and attractive for this new vogue. The old-fashioned tooth-coral, for instance, which everyone used to possess in large quantities, looks enchanting interspersed with sections of jade beads. The two colourings together are marvellous. Then ivory strung with jet, using up two old chains in this way, looks very striking, and real garnets mingled with crystal make a beautiful necklace for the evening on a red frock. There are many old brooches, too, which, though heavy-looking on a dress, appear very fashionable worn on a hat, and are certainly more distinguished than the all-too-familiar pearl and paste ornaments women have suffered so long.

The "Come-Back" of the Cameo.

The cameo brooch is a form of old-world jewellery which has made a specially sensational "come-back" quite recently. Not long ago, if one wanted to describe a woman dressed in the dowdiest fashion imaginable, she would have been dismissed with the words: "The kind of person who wears a huge cameo brooch in the front of her dress!" and everyone would have agreed that such an individual was capable of any sartorial crime. To-day the position is thoroughly changed, for the cameo brooch has made a triumphant return to Fashion's favour, and appears in the most distinguished company. It may adorn a felt sports hat, take up a commanding position on the shoulder

A DISTINGUISHED SPONSOR OF THE "CAVALIER" CLOAK AND SCARF COLLAR: THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON.

The Countess of Carnarvon, who is one of the smartest of the young married women who go racing regularly, is pictured above in an original and attractive wrap-coat of fine cloth. It is made with a scarf collar and a "romantic" short Cavalier cloak. The turned-up straw hat which completes the toilette is adorned by a lovely buckle brooch.

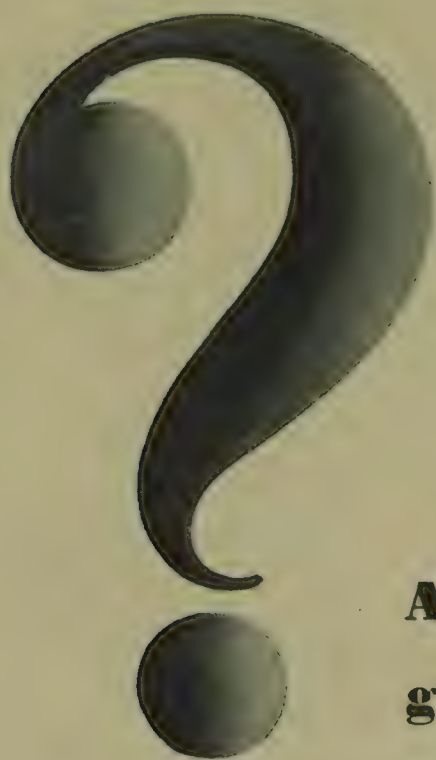
Photograph by G.P.U.

of a *chic* toilette, or justify its existence by holding together the folds of a fashionable scarf or knotted waistband.



A JUMPER SUIT WITH SCARF AND CUFFS TO MATCH: WORN BY LADY BROUGHTON.

Lady Broughton, the wife of Sir "Jock" Delves-Broughton, recently appeared in the trim jumper suit pictured above. Its severely tailored cloth was brightened by a gaily coloured scarf of *crêpe de Chine* in two colours, knotted round the shoulders, and real originality was shown by having cuffs to match the scarf. Lady Broughton's hat had an "amusing" bow descending at one side, to soften the severe line across the forehead.—[Photo. by Wide World.]



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

OPERATIC REVIVALS.

THE revival of Ponchielli's opera "La Gioconda" at Covent Garden was an interesting event. Ponchielli, whose name does not occur in the article on Opera in Grove's Dictionary, was an able musician who died in 1886. "La Gioconda" was first produced at La Scala, Milan, in 1876, and was first given, with great success, at Covent Garden in 1883. His other operas seem to have remained unknown outside his own country. "La Gioconda" is an extraordinarily skilful work in which there is very little spontaneity or inspiration. On the other hand, the workmanship is of an unusually high order, and Ponchielli had considerable dramatic sense. The consequence is that he is at his best in the concerted numbers and the general *ensembles*, and whenever he has to build up a dramatic crisis. In this latter sphere he has not a little of Wagner's power of slowly increasing the dramatic tension by extended climaxes, and he manages to make his opera "La Gioconda" into a very effective piece of musical melodrama.

Unfortunately his lack of lyrical gift makes for dullness in between the scenes of melodrama, and, except for the last act, such a singer as Rosa Ponselle is rather thrown away upon this opera, which offers no such opportunities for the art of *bel canto* as "Norma," for example, offers. But when performed by a strong cast, as it has been this season at Covent Garden, "La Gioconda" is a very effective work, which the average opera-goer will always be able to enjoy, and to the musician its workmanship is good enough to make it sufficiently interesting to hear, now and then. The last act gives the soprano in the title-rôle a fine opportunity for good acting and singing, and Rosa Ponselle made the most of it, although it was impossible for her to make so great an impression in this opera as in the enchanting "Norma" of Bellini. The other members of the cast—Pertile (Erigo), Minghini-Cattaneo (Laura), Inghilleri (Barnaba), and Maria Castagna (La Cieca)—were good, and the whole production had been carefully rehearsed, and was given with great spirit under Vincenzo Bellezza. The ballet-music, which is frequently given at popular concerts, was superbly played, but not so well danced; but the ballet has never been the strong point at Covent Garden.

Puccini's "Tosca," which has been revived this

season, is, like "La Gioconda," an operatic melodrama, in which the purely musical interest is mainly to be found in the skill of the workmanship. A new soprano, Carmen Melis, made a successful appearance, and the general level of this production was high. The same might be said of "Turandot," of which I have already written; but, personally, I am getting a little tired of Puccini, and I think many others must be in a similar state. Although Puccini was an extremely able musician, he has a very limited range. I am not forgetting the successful humour of his one-act comic opera, "Gianni Schicchi," but outside that solitary success the rest of his music is distinguished chiefly by a gift for melody which is often excessively sentimental, with an almost Wagnerian laxness of rhythm.

Personally, I find even the crudity of Mascagni preferable after too much of this graceful, flexible, rather invertebrate writing. The vulgar rhythms of the Neapolitan composers have a certain definiteness and invigorating verve which the music of Puccini lacks. And nothing cloyes so badly as the facile sort of sweetness which is so characteristic of Puccini even when it is not without real charm. I don't think there has been a season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden within my memory without at least one opera by Puccini, and it would be in the best interests of Puccini's music if his operas were given a rest for a few seasons.

Since the season has been such a success up to the present, it is to be hoped that the Syndicate will carefully consider its programme for next season and make an attempt to give us several interesting revivals. There are many operas which have been allowed to go completely out of the repertory, and among them there must be some which deserve resuscitating, and some which are even better than one or two of the operas produced during the past few seasons. French composers have been very badly represented at Covent Garden for many years. I admit that the revival of Gounod's "Faust" was a failure, due partly to the cast, but only partly to that cause. But the work of some of the older French operatic composers is now almost unknown. Méhul, for example, is only a name to us, but as a follower of Gluck and a composer with a great reputation—greater, perhaps, than that of any French musician, with the exception of Berlioz, of the nineteenth century—he ought not to be totally neglected, and it will be interesting to have his opera "Joseph" put on at Covent Garden. According to the French

critic M. Gaston Chouquet, "Joseph" is a powerful work "the simplicity, grandeur, and dramatic truth of which will always command the admiration of impartial musicians." I suppose it is too much to expect a production of Berlioz's "Les Troyens," and I confess that, with the exception of Berlioz and Méhul, there are no French composers whose operas are likely to be worth reviving at Covent Garden.

But it is as difficult a matter with the Italians. In this field there are many old and excellent operas, which ought to be revived. Rossini's "William Tell" is one of them. Bellini's "La Sonnambula" and Donizetti's "La Favorita" and "Don Pasquale" might also be revived, provided they were furnished with a strong cast. Then there are a number of the lesser-known operas of Verdi, operas which used to be popular, but which have been long neglected under the all-powerful vogue of Wagner. Among them are "Ernani," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "La Forza del Destino," and "Macbeth."

Among the German operatic composers, it is astonishing to remember the name of Weber, and to recollect how long it is since any opera by Weber was given at Covent Garden. This is another example of the Wagner cult. Most text-books and encyclopædic writings on opera treat Weber as if he were the mere forerunner of Wagner—as if the completion by Wagner of the "Ring," of "Meistersinger," and the other works of his maturity had done away with the necessity of hearing any of Weber's operas again. But actually Weber is entirely different from Wagner, and it would be good to revive "Der Freischütz," "Euryanthe," and "Oberon," to show what a different world of music Weber's was, and how full of beauty and strength much of his music is.

Of course, the public needs a certain amount of assistance before it will be able to appreciate all these pre-Wagnerian composers. The sheer volume of sound which the Wagner operas have made us accustomed to—quite irrespective of any artistic merit—makes us find the pre-Wagner operas rather thin on a first hearing. But it is only a matter of getting used to this diminished tumult. When one trains one's ear to follow with understanding what the older composers were doing, one begins to see the extraordinary beauty and expressiveness of their work. Also most musical criticism—and especially the criticism one finds in dictionaries and encyclopædias of music, is of no help whatever to the layman. It is the rarest thing to find in any article on a composer a guide to his individual and peculiar merits. He is generally

[Continued overleaf.]



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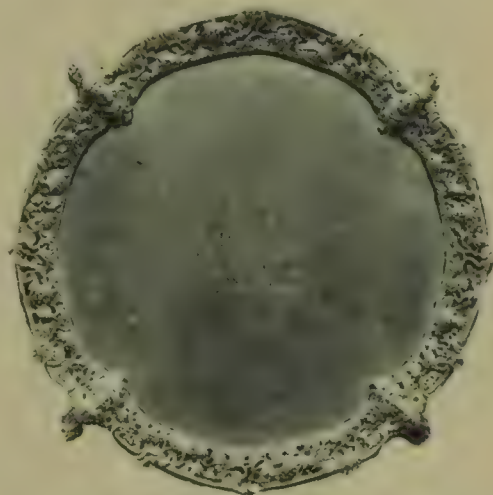
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THE VIRGIN AND THE INFANT CHRIST.

Continued.]

praised or dispraised according as he adhered to or departed from the style of composition which was in fashion when the author was writing. For example, in the article on Opera in Grove's Dictionary you will find all the operatic composers judged according to their contribution towards a certain type of structural development. There is no attempt at the sort of criticism which reputable critics of literature give us. No literary critic would put Blake as a poet below Tennyson because he wrote no large-scale poems like "In Memoriam" or "The Idylls of the King"; but music critics consistently devote more space to a composer like Meyerbeer than they do to the far superior musicians and finer artists such as Bellini and Donizetti; which is quite ridiculous. The intrinsic qualities of music are ignored for the sake of all sorts of revolutionary theories about form and structure, which are generally the greatest nonsense and frequently are used to cover an absolute lack of real musical invention.

W. J. TURNER.

WORLD OF THE KINEMA.—[Continued from page 1090.]

There may be "harps in the air," but the music is decidedly of the nature aptly described by the Germans as *Zukunfts-Musik*.

"MOVIETONE FOLLIES OF 1929."

There are prophets in the film-world who are fond of assuring us that the future of talking and sound pictures lies along the lines laid down by "The Broadway Melody"; that is to say, in the variety entertainment strengthened by a dramatic love-story. This may or may not be the case. I, for one, am far too wary to be caught prophesying at this early stage of sound-development. I prefer to quote the American film ingénue's favourite answer to leading questions: "Maybe." But that it is an alluring bait for producers and a seemingly easy way out of many difficulties is proved by the growing number of pictures built up on vaudeville turns, and the storms that rage in chorus-girls' teacups. On the surface, it would seem a fairly facile matter to gather together a few good song-scenes, a few effective dances, and a ballet-interlude; to add a little love, a little jealousy, a little youthful misunderstanding. As a matter of fact, the producer who treads that path finds it full of pitfalls.

First, there is a terrible sameness, a dire monotony, about all these songs of "blues" and "honey-babies,"

[Continued in column 3.]

CHESS.

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H BURGESS (St. Leonards).—Please send full address.

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L B (Newcastle).—You lose your bet. L. Paulsen did beat Morphy in the New York Tournament of 1857.

RICHARD RÉTI WAS NOT ALWAYS A FABIAN.

The passing of Réti, brilliant strategist, profound theorist, and most courteous of adversaries, has brought into many chess columns the famous game against Capablanca, in which he exploited his famous Double-Fianchetto to the Cuban master's discomfiture. Earlier in his career he favoured the style of Morphy and Anderssen, and the following adventure in his match with Euwe in 1920 has always been one of our favourites.

(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Euwe).	BLACK (Réti).	WHITE (Euwe).	BLACK (Réti).
1. PK4	PK4	goes on with the unsound attack.	
2. KtKB3	KtQB3	11. BKT5	QB4
3. BB4	KtB3	A fine move, compelling White	
4. PQ4	PxP	to continue the attack one move	
5. Castles	KtXP	before he is ready.	
6. RK1	PQ4	12. QQ8ch	KB2
7. BXP	QXB	13. KtXKt	PXKt
8. KtB3	QQR4	14. QRQ1	BQ3!
		Black commences forcible feed-	
		ing with both Rooks!	
		15. QXR	QXB
		16. PKB4	QR5
		If PXP e.p., 17. QK8ch, etc.	
		17. RXP	BKR6!
		Now swallow the other one,	
		please! If 18. PKT3, BQB4ch;	
		19. KR1, BKKT5; 20. PXQ7,	
		BB6 mate.	
		18. QXR	BB4ch
		19. KR1	BXPeh
		And mates in three moves.	
		(20. KXB, QKT5ch; 21. KB1,	
		QB6ch; 22. KR1, QB7 mate.)	
		An echo of the "Evergreen"	
		game, and played by Black in	
		true classical style.	

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 4049.—BY T. C. EVANS.

[Kis4K; b1P3pb; 6pr; 2B4s; 7p; 5R2; PQ6; r4B2; in two moves.]

Keymove: QKT2 [QB2—g2].

If 1. — QKT moves, 2. RB8; if 1. — KKt2, 2. RB7; if 1. — KtB3, 2. RXP; if 1. — PKt4, 2. RB5; if 1. — KtB5, 2. RXP; if 1. — RXP, 2. RB2; if 1. — RXP, 2. RXP or RB2; if 1. — PR6, 2. RXP; if 1. — KtKt6, 2. RXP; if 1. — RK8, 2. RK3; if 1. — RQ8, 2. RQ3; if 1. — RB8, 2. R any; if 1. — RKt8, 2. RKt3; if 1. — KB moves, 2. RK3; and if 1. — QB moves, 2. RB7.

Mate is forced by the R on 12 of the possible 14 squares. The dual and multiple spoil the other two, but there are two different mates on B7: in one case the R has to go there to protect the P, and in the other to obstruct the Black Bishop. A most ingeniously constructed setting of a familiar theme. Students should note how the key-move threatens R anywhere mate, and how each black piece in turn defeats the general threat by intervention, capture or clearance, forcing the R to a particular square when disclosing mate.

about these shapely legs that move and kick and mingle with such ruthless, machine-like energy, about these chorus-girls who are misunderstood until their talent proves the turning-point of a losing cause. Secondly, it takes a great deal of that rare gift—personality—to render the average revue song in such a manner as to win forgiveness for its silly words and acceptance of its familiar melody: a great deal even on the stage; a very great deal more on the screen. Say what you will, the shadows lose some of the magnetism of the living, breathing, flesh-and-blood artist, and the camera, with its new ally, the microphone, builds up a wall not easy to surmount. In the Fox picture at the New Gallery—"Movietone Follies of 1929"—I find but one song pleasant to listen to, because its singer, Mr. David Percy, uses a warm baritone voice simply and well; and but one song that rises above the inanity of its words, "Big City Blues," because its singer, Lola Lane, has the personality and the sincerity that can survive the mechanical processes intervening between her and her audience. It is her only dramatic chance, and she takes it. She does her best with the thin little thread of romance supplied to string the turns together. It is not her fault if our interest in affairs behind the scenes of a revue recklessly financed by her very foolish sweetheart is immediately and irrevocably focussed on Mr. Stepin Fetchit, who is the shining light, despite his sable complexion, of "The Movietone Follies." Here is personality if you like. This big, shambling negro, with his benign serenity and invincible good humour, stands for all the humour and much of the drama of the picture. Mr. David Butler, responsible for the story and the direction, seems to have handed out a few straws, and Mr. Fetchit has built bricks with them. The slow-moving plantation dorkie, risen to the glories of a doorkeeper's uniform, and ironically addressed as "Swifty," supplies a gem of comic observation whenever he appears, and when at last he quickens into action, his lively step-dance is as dexterous as it is funny.

A brief coloured ballet interlude, neither so imaginative nor so delicate as that of "The Broadway Melody," but nevertheless with an air about it as of a fancy-dress ball in the suburbs of fairyland—a little more than human, a little less than elfin—is like a flowery glade in a forest of waving legs. It is all the more refreshing because—*mirabile dictu*—the footfalls of the dancers are not recorded. As for the sound-effects, the synchronisation is good; the singers do their best, and the amplifier does its utmost.



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SYMPHONY
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XXXVII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN.

IF I were asked to state my requirements for a modern yacht base, I would say that it must have a good train service and be within easy reach by water of many places of interest. It must also, of course, afford good shelter for vessels under all conditions. A few years ago I should have said that any cove with a good anchorage and far removed from a large port would be the ideal. To-day, however, such places can be used as bases only by the favoured few who can afford to spend long periods afloat without a thought of the Monday morning train to the office. Long may these places remain unspoilt, and only used as ports of call by the ever-increasing numbers of week-end yachtsmen!

Few places satisfy modern requirements better than Portsmouth Harbour. It has a good train service with a station within a few yards of where yachts may lie, and it is within easy reach of the many beauty spots which surround the Solent. As the premier naval port it has, of course, attractions of its own which cannot be found elsewhere. It has also many places on shore well worth a visit, apart from its local attractions, which are many. For those who like the amusements of a seaside resort, Southsea offers great possibilities. Only a short while ago it was not an amusing place, but, with some new blood recently introduced into its governing body, it has been made the equal, if not the superior, of any South Coast resort. New roads have been built, and the once barren common converted into beautifully laid-out gardens.

I visited it a few days ago to find out whether rumour was correct that a special yacht harbour was contemplated on the lines of those on the Continent;

I found that the will exists among the authorities, but that there are many difficulties over the selection of a suitable site, on account of naval requirements. It is a far more difficult problem than many critics of the authorities think. Some have written glibly of sea walls near the Harbour Station, but they know little of the effect they would have on the tidal streams, and local knowledge fortunately thinks of this. The best alternative appears to be that of a non-tidal basin for small boats only, and to leave the larger

rather from excessive traffic. Finally, there are Haslar Creek on the Gosport side and The Camber in the centre of Portsmouth. The latter has advantages over all the others as a place at which to keep a boat, especially when she is not actually in use; for, if no paid hands are employed, the vessel can be looked after by Messrs. Vosper and Co., whose yard extends along the south-east side.

Portsmouth is also well placed geographically, for the choice of places which can be reached from it

during a week-end is more extensive than that found near any South Coast resort on the mainland. It also has one other great advantage from the point of view of the novice, to whom this article is directed chiefly: it can be entered or left at any state of the tide by a well-buoyed deep-water channel which is easy to follow. In common with many other places in the vicinity, Portsmouth and Southsea will be very much in the limelight this summer, for on Sept. 6 and 7 the Schneider Cup seaplane race will take place in the Solent, an event which is expected to attract one million visitors. I advise marine caravanners, therefore, who intend to see the race to make arrangements in plenty of time as regards berths for their vessels, should they wish to keep them inside the harbour.

In addition to the Schneider Cup, Southsea will provide other attractions. From July 13 to 20 there will be a Dickens Week, from July 22 to 29 a Bowling Week, from Aug. 11 to 17 a Children's Week, and from Aug. 17 to 24 will be Navy Week, during which period the war-ships present will be open to visitors. These are only some of the points in favour of this place as a base, but it has many others: it is handy, for example, for Goodwood, and equally so for Cowes, which follows the week after. Above all, it is not an expensive place even in the height of the season, which is more than can be said for many resorts.



ILLUSTRATING THE ADVANTAGES OF PORTSMOUTH AS A BASE FOR MARINE CARAVANNERS: A CHART OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT AND ITS SURROUNDING WATERS, WITH SOUNDINGS SHOWN IN FATHOMS AT LOW-WATER LEVEL.

With sheltered waters such as these, the Englishman has no cause to covet those of other countries, yet the Solent by no means exhausts the choice of smooth water which this country can offer to those who do not favour the open sea.

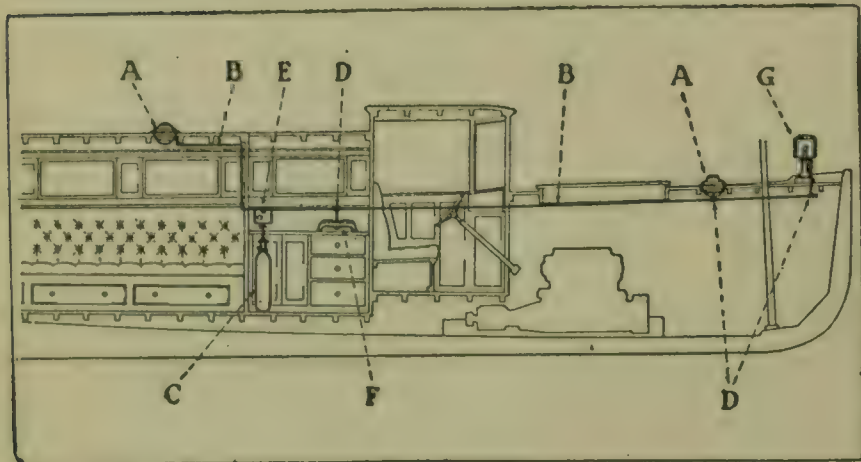
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vessels to berth as they do at present. The harbour offers a wide choice of places for the latter to anchor in, all of which are sheltered. For those who prefer a quiet place, but one which is not far removed from gaiety, there is the long stretch of water that leads up to Porchester and Fareham; the Gosport and Fareham road runs parallel to it, and carries on it a frequent bus and tram service. Alternatively, there is good anchorage off Gosport Pier, though it suffers

Aug. 11 to 17 a Children's Week, and from Aug. 17 to 24 will be Navy Week, during which period the war-ships present will be open to visitors. These are only some of the points in favour of this place as a base, but it has many others: it is handy, for example, for Goodwood, and equally so for Cowes, which follows the week after. Above all, it is not an expensive place even in the height of the season, which is more than can be said for many resorts.

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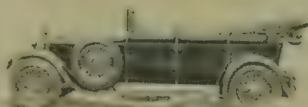
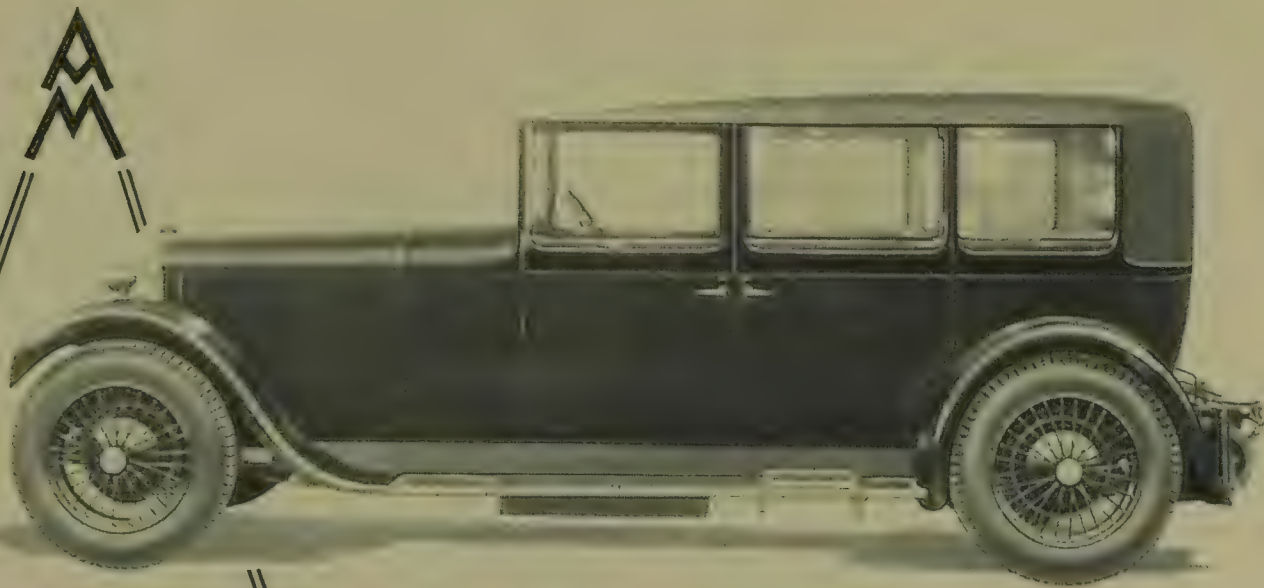
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MY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ON MONTLHÉRY TRACK

By the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce.

I SUPPOSE that the question which I have been asked more times than any other since returning from France is which I consider the worse—the 15,000 miles which my husband and I covered in nine days and nights of continuous driving during the winter of 1928, or this twenty-four-hour single-handed drive? As a matter of fact, I find it rather hard to decide. It would be silly to pretend that either was simple or pleasant; but against the facts that the longer distance seemed as though it would never be finished, and that the weather conditions were so bitterly unpropitious, has to be set the relieving fact that our alternate spells at the wheel were of relatively short duration. And twenty-four hours is twenty-four hours!

The principal things which one fears, in contemplating such a record attempt in advance, are sleepiness, the monotony, and a breakdown of one's physical strength. Curiously enough, none of these matters bothered me at all, except for one period of sleepiness in the middle of the night at about the tenth or eleventh hour. So far as monotony was concerned, I had no leisure from watching the rev. counter, the oil-pressure gauge, and the air-pressure indicator, to think of the slow passing of the hours, while the tendency of the car to "snake" on the wet track required unremitting attention to prevent the development of an uncontrollable skid.

What *did* trouble me, however, was the positively shattering effect of repeatedly passing, at intervals

of fifty-seven to fifty-nine seconds, over Montlhéry's one bad section. The whole car seemed to shudder, and after a while the physical sensation became one of almost unendurable agony. After about nine hours of it, during which I had stopped only at the end of each three hours, according to schedule, for replenishments, I began to promise myself that at the next period I would take a longer time off, and have a real

been done once could be done again, I put out of my head all thought of resting until the twenty-four hours were up.

The wonderfully smooth and regular running of the engine was perhaps the greatest incentive to continued effort. It literally did not miss a single beat during the whole of the 2150 miles, and, on examining the detailed record of my lap times, I find that for whole hours together I did not vary more than a fifth of a second, lap after lap. Many things contributed to success, and not least of these were the lamps, and still more the accumulators. The lighting was perfect, and this meant everything. The slightest delay caused through reluctance on the part of the starter would have soon brought the average down.

With regard to monotony, I honestly do not remember being affected in the slightest degree, though my friends tell me that on one of my schedule visits to the pit I asked what was the time, and when told remarked: "Oh, dear! Have I only been going for twelve hours?" I suppose the "only" was justified, with another twelve to do; but, as I say, the time passed almost automatically, and it was not until towards the end, when the principal records

for which I was striving began to come in sight, that I had any real conception of time or speed—apart from the blandly truthful face of the rev. counter.

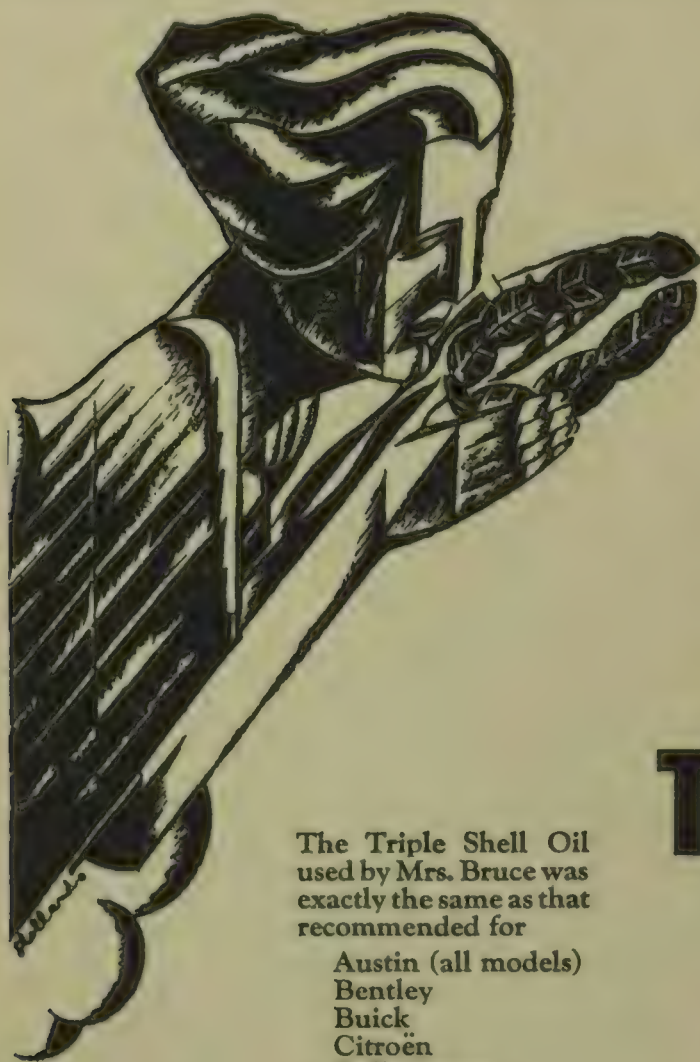
Would I go through it again? Well, I don't know—probably, if necessary to retrieve the record for Britain. In this connection, there may be interesting developments in the not far distant future; but as to this we must wait and see.



A GREAT MOTORING FEAT: THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE IN THE 4½-LITRE BENTLEY CAR IN WHICH SHE RECENTLY SET UP A NEW TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR SPEED RECORD AT MONTLHÉRY, WITH AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 89.57 M.P.H.

Before Mrs. Bruce accomplished her extraordinary feat on the Montlhéry track, the average speed record for twenty-four hours stood at 72½ miles an hour.

rest of perhaps half an hour. It was not that I was tired, but that the repeated shattering had brought about a condition in which it was painful even to breathe. Knowing, however, that such a halt would bring down the average so much that it would be almost impossible to fetch it up again, I managed somehow to resist the temptation when next I came in to the pit, and, realising that what had



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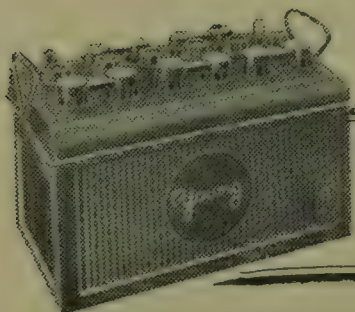
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

MODERN LUGGAGE-CARRYING.

ONE of the most interesting things about the latest models of closed cars of all kinds is the special attention which has been given to the question of carrying luggage. It has taken a very long time for them to reach this point, but manufacturers are at last realising that the properly designed modern car has duties considerably more extensive than those of a runabout. Any car that cannot be used for long journeys with luggage accommodation for at least two people is only half a car.

The Built-in "Boot."

There is every variety of luggage accommodation offered to those lucky people who are buying a new car for summer touring. The most common, of course, is the large trunk fitted on to the luggage-grid and holding a number of suit-cases. These are mostly of the proprietary order, being specialities of different firms of accessory-makers, and in consequence are nearly always rather expensive. The fashion of having a suit-case container built into the back panel of the bodywork is spreading rapidly, and, although it is not ideal, I think, on the whole, I prefer it to the strap-on trunk, however neat the latter may be. The only disadvantage that I can see of the built-in trunk-holder is that, unless the car is a very big one, you are strictly limited as to the size of suit-case that can be carried. A small luggage-container is of very little use except for carrying parcels and the necessities for picnics. To say that the car will only be used away from home for week-ends is no excuse for cutting down luggage accommodation, the truth being that it is almost impossible to have too much of it.

The Handicap of Low Roofs.

The fact is that the average man or woman needs a good-sized suit-case even for a short stay away, and when it comes to a question of long touring in places where laundry facilities are few and far between, three good-sized suit-cases for two people are by no means too much. Car-makers are, of course, up against a number of difficulties, not by any means all of their own creation. For example, they have to consider the craze for very low roofs in closed cars, and for the strong objection everyone has to carrying

luggage on top of them. They are therefore left with nothing but the fairly restricted space at the back with which to make their cars real Continental cruisers. And on the whole I think they usually succeed remarkably well in making the best of a difficult job.

An Ingenious Arrangement from France.

So far as luggage on the roof goes, I am entirely in agreement with the majority of those who dislike this arrangement. Heavy stuff has no business to be put so far above the centre of gravity, and, although it may not actually lead to an increase of skidding or anything so serious as that, it certainly spoils the balance of the car and, consequently, your full enjoyment in driving it. Yet I believe a successful compromise is not impossible. When I was over in France a few weeks ago, I saw a car with a luggage arrangement the like of which I have never seen before. The whole of the roof was covered with a shallow suit-case container about eight inches deep, so far as I could judge, shaped exactly to the curves of the roof, and thus coming into perfect line with the general contour of the car. This container held four flat suit-cases which could be pulled out separately (horizontally) without disturbing each other, and the whole thing was remarkably neatly carried out. This, again, was, of course, weight in the wrong place, but the carriage-builder had done his best to make up for this by bringing the whole of the car unusually low. It was very ingeniously done, as, while the top of the car seemed to be no higher than that of the average sporting saloon, there was as much head-room as usual inside. Use was made of wells, but, contrary to what you might expect, the car's clearance seemed to be perfectly normal.

Is This a Practical Idea?

Unfortunately, I had no opportunity of asking the questions I should have liked to ask the owner, but it seemed to me that a very difficult problem had been courageously attacked in an entirely novel manner. The track of the car looked to me to be rather wider than usual, which may, of course, have had a direct bearing on the designer's scheme. This is an idea that I should like to see taken up by some of our more ingenious coachbuilders at home. The idea of a false roof is distinctly attractive, as the space, when suit-cases are not needed, would be invaluable for all the various impedimenta which seem to collect

and clutter up the ordinary car on any but a short run. Trunks and "boots" at the back, as I said, are improving monthly in design and utility, but they are not really enough. A car in which one can set out for Gibraltar or Budapest (the only kind of real car) must be self-contained as a yacht—which is, in fact, exactly what it is.

An Amateur's Solution.

Another interesting example of luggage disposal I came across the other day was a big touring car on which the owner had fixed suit-case containers, particularly ingeniously, on either side. This scheme would probably not appeal to everyone, but there was no question about its success or about its workmanlike appearance. The two large cases certainly did not spoil the lines of the body, nor did they look as if they were excrescences or after-thoughts. That particular car can carry four full-sized suit-cases invisibly, and is a good example of what excellent body-designers experienced motorists can sometimes prove themselves to be.

The Craze for Tiny Cars.

The prime difficulty which faces the coachbuilder is the insistence of the average owner on having as small a car as he can do with. Not only touring cars, but saloons, are visibly shrinking, month after month, as the new styles come out. Almost it seems as if the rule was—the bigger the horse-power, the less work it must have to do. Some speed models are, of course, notorious for their ridiculously cramped accommodation, which just allows four people to sit in exposure and discomfort at seventy miles an hour; whereas a pre-war car, costing a third of the price, would have had comfortable room for four or five. You will often see road-eating these cars with the romantic "G—B" plaque on the tail-plate, showing that, while they need not necessarily have just returned from Budapest, but from Boulogne or Birr, their owners are not content with mere day drives. Yet unless their crews number only two, where and how do they carry more than the bare necessities for a couple of nights? I use a suit-case container myself on my own open car, but, although it does its job well enough, I cannot say that it fulfils my idea of what touring luggage should be. It is obviously an after-thought, and a proper cruising car should have nothing of that sort.

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A COACH WITH A VIEW.

Specially large windows are fitted in the vestibule corridor coaches of the "Royal Scot," and each side of the compartment is fitted with a comfortable settee.

Running in conjunction with this car is another type of carriage, half of which consists of a dining-car, which is panelled with Indian greywood, has very large windows, and is completed with seats of special design. The other half is divided into three small compartments in which dinner can be served, so that, if a party of five or six are travelling together, they can enjoy the meal in privacy and one can give as entertaining a dinner to guests as in one's own home. Each of these three compartments has been

differently decorated. There is an oak one with panelling of white wood, copied from a design of a room in a sixteenth-century castle. The upholstery and floor are rose colour, and, in order to be in keeping with the period, the electric lights are carried in lanterns of Jacobean design.

The three seats which are usual in first-class compartments have been reduced to two, and arm-rests of the settee type make the carriage extremely comfortable. The next compartment in the series of three is "The Grey Room," decorated in Indian greywood, beautifully figured; and the third is the Chippendale room, decorated in that style with brackets and mirrors of silver plate. In each compartment there is a layer of thick felt under the carpet to deaden sound from the outside. Travelling to Scotland by this train means absolutely no discomfort, and the scenery through which it passes, some of the most beautiful in England, renders the journey a very real pleasure.



THE LAW COURTS, CARLISLE.

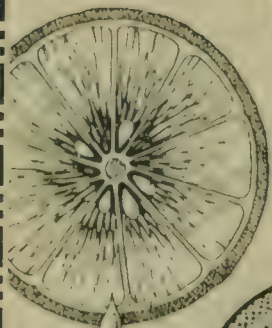
One of the fine towns through which "The Royal Scot" passes is Carlisle, famous, amongst other things, for the magnificence of its Law Courts.



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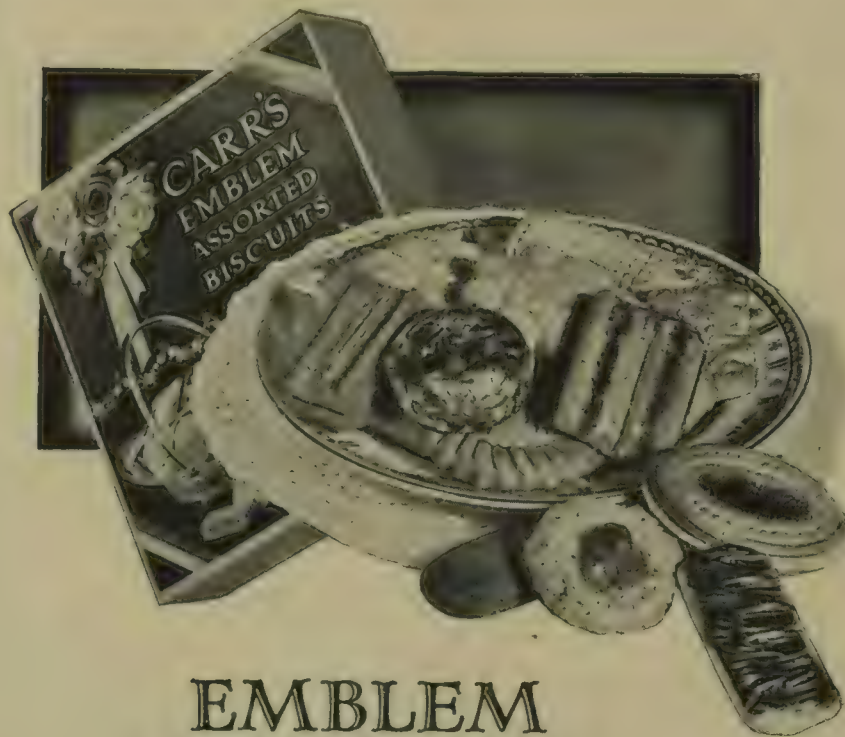
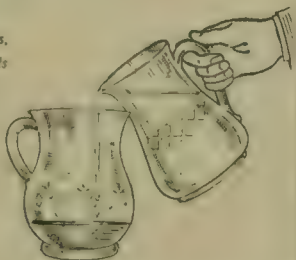
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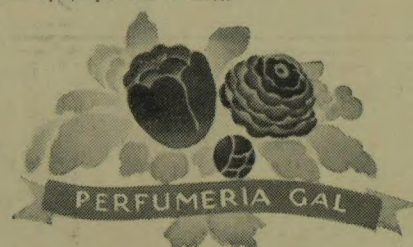


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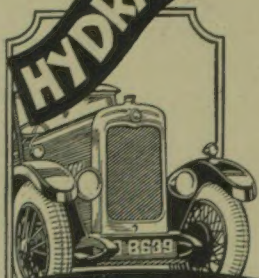
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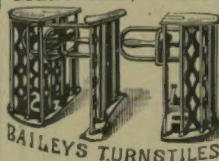
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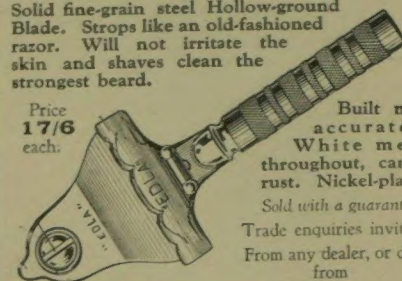
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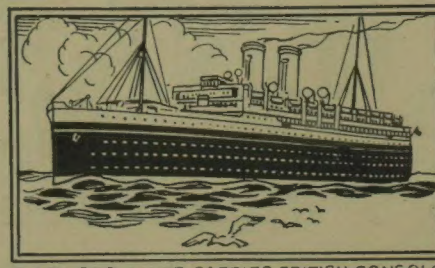
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